

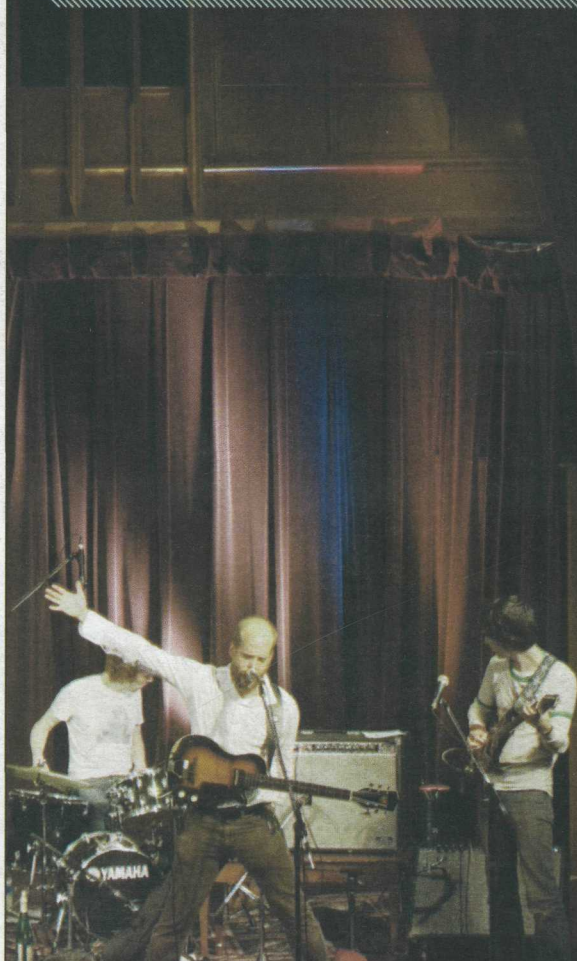
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Publisher
STUDENT RADIO SOCIETY
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BY MICHELLE MAYNE

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the Gentle Art of Editing

THE DAYS ARE SHORT and dark, and the winter chill leaves me wishing I could turn up the thermostat on my blood temperature—in short, it's beard season again. With the publication of this, our hybrid year-end/inaugural issue, I have officially been at the helm of this magazine for one year. Around this time last year, my beard had reached Marxist proportions, increasing the size of my head to the point where I looked like a newspaper caricature of an indie kid: skinny legs, slight torso, giant head. Since then, my facial hair has gone through a number of permutations, including a rare, vulnerable phase where my chin skin was exposed to the light of day. I wear a beard not only out of an aversion to personal maintenance, but also as a way to mark the passage of time. Beards are like tree rings. If I had saved my clippings from last year, I could read in them a secret history, a memoir of personal triumphs and frustrations. Large piles of hair would indicate periods of reckless optimism, while a few sparse ends might speak of a more pensive outlook. But since I adhere to at least a modicum of personal hygiene, I'll have to settle for looking back through the magazine.

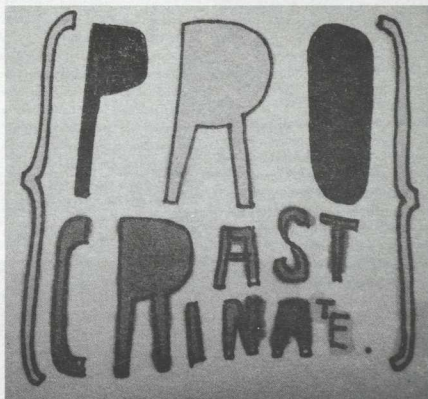
Reading back issues feels like looking through an old journal, half-surprised at the contents. "What the hell was I thinking when I wrote that?" comes up often enough, but so does that smug feeling that you get from seeing something you did that still looks pretty rad. There have been some sketchy editorials, written in a late-night haze with the dread of getting up for work on the brain. I've made some lazy content-picking decisions, especially during those dismal times when the magazine felt like little more than the promotional

arm of the recording industry. But there have also been inspired moments of well-hewn grammar, and features that cut through the hype smokescreen and spoke the truth. I like to think my magazine skills have been growing steadily along with my beard.

Overall, when I look back at what our dedicated staff has done this year, I can't help but feel a surge of pride. Will and Alanna have carved out a fresh aesthetic, and our steadily growing team of writers has contributed some excellent content. I hope we've made some kind of measurable impact on the local mediascape, even if it is simply providing a voice for bands with beards, and the beards that love them. But more than that, our magazine continues to give writers and artists an opportunity to have their say in the way culture is generated. In a city where alternative journalism suffers under the crass leadership of The Georgia Straight, Disorder serves as a reminder that mediocre public discourse persists only if we let it. If we could all translate our discontent into action, newsweeklies with glamour shots of snowboarding fashion on the cover would be a thing of the past. Our magazine might not change that much, but we'd be happy to print your angry letters.

For now, my beard is flourishing and dandruff-free, and I'm looking forward to a month's vacation. The Christmas holidays aren't exactly my favourite time of year, but with a fresh blanket of snow dousing the city's consumer frenzy, prospects for the next month in Vancouver are looking pretty good. Disorder will return in February with renewed vigour, waiting for you to get involved. **D**

David Ravensbergen, Editor
disordercd@gmail.com



CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY? CINEMA ASPIRANT OFFERS GLIMPSES OF GEMS TO BE RESCUED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.

A Cinema Aspirant Christmas

The Christmas holidays are by far my least favourite time of year. The days are dark, wet, cold, and short; consumer fury grips the hearts of urbanites; and Starbucks starts playing Christmas carols all the fucking time. Here are a few recommendations of films easily found on DVD that might help you connect emotionally and perhaps find a few authentically redemptive moments amidst all the false cheer.



The Passion of Anna

Or not: the first film is my favourite crucifixion, *The Passion of Anna*, by Ingmar Bergman (what's Christmas without a crucifixion or two?). The main character, Andreas Wilkemann (played by Bergman regular Max von Sydow) is no saviour, but an embittered recluse, humiliated by life, who spends his free time drinking gin and feeling sorry for himself. He's slowly drawn back into engagement with the world by virtue of a new relationship with a recent widow, Anna (Liv Ullmann). The mistranslated title makes it seem like Anna's romantic passion, or perhaps her passionate (false) faith in the power of love, is the centerpiece of the film, but really, the passion at stake is that of Andreas, and the term is used in its original sense. Bergman hammers the (metaphoric) nails into Andreas' wrists with grim precision and a certain strange glee. Bergman even nails his own sadism, with a rather unkind caricature of himself provided by Erland Josephson (soon to be on screen locally in Tarkovsky's *The*

Sacrifice at the Cinematheque, which, like most of Bergman's films, is shot by the recently departed Sven Nykvist and only deals with the biggest of big themes). Bergman himself apparently doesn't think much of *The Passion* these days—he's embarrassed that the women's miniskirts date the film—but it's my favourite of his movies, and I've seen many.

Another everyday crucifixion occurs in Rob Nilsson's *Cassavetes* tribute, *Signal 7*. This one is about a group of taxi drivers in San Francisco, two of whom happen to be actors. Workshoped by Nilsson with the cast, the film is, in my reckoning, the truest approximation of Cassavetes' aesthetic ever put on screen by someone other than Cassavetes—though a recent Japanese attempt by director Ikawa Kotaro, *Lost in Tokyo*, stands up there as well. Both films follow a certain formula, which I guess could be called Extract of John: the characters live fairly routine lives, denying their own problems and pain and confusion. Tensions and denial grows more and more strained, until there is finally an eruption, and emotion floods forth in an unstoppable torrent. I find it quite healing, though friends of mine that I've shared these films with tend to look at me strangely when I say this.

On the topic of Cassavetes, if any of you have missed *A Woman Under the Influence*, it's very powerful and an excellent curative for having to spend too much time with your family this holiday season. Vancouver's excellent and scandalously underused critic Tom Charity says of it that it "really churned me up emotionally [...] it had a huge impact on me, and that impact has not been diminished. I've watched the film I don't know-how many times, very closely, and if I watched it today, it would still have that impact on me. I'm sure." *Mikey and Nicky* is also a must-see for those interested in exploring Cassavetes. It's a grim tale about the resentments and recriminations that smoulder under the surface of a friendship, and another great take on Cassavetes' aesthetic, as done by someone else (Elaine May). Recently restored for DVD, the film stars Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, and is powerful, compelling, and has a fair share of narrative tension; there are even guns involved.

Though they suit the season, I can earn no points among cinema cognoscenti for recommending Kurosawa's *Ikiru* and Dreyer's *Passion of Joan of Arc*,

since everyone, of course, has seen these films. On the off chance you haven't: *Ikiru* is a beautiful, sad, warm movie about a Japanese bureaucrat dying of stomach cancer. It is genuinely touching and inspiring and takes a few well-placed shots at the less forgivable aspects of Japanese culture. *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, meanwhile, is the martyrdom tale to end all martyrdom tales, and makes the Luc Besson film look like it was produced by Walt Disney. Renee Falconetti gives an amazing performance, almost matched by that of Antonin Artaud; once you've seen this film, their faces will remain unforgettable. Richard Einhorn's score for the restored Criterion DVD is very moving, too.

For something more contemporary, see Kiarostami's *A Taste of Cherry*, one of many amazing films to recently come out of Iran. The film is best served with no prior knowledge of its content, so don't even read the

DVD case. Just trust me. It's in keeping with the rest of the films in this column, though it arguably ends on a more hopeful note than, say, *The Passion of Anna*.

Finally, for those seeking a truly dark Christmas, I'll be showing Ken Russell's *The Devils* (in partially-restored, widescreen form, including the notorious Rape of Christ scene) and Philip Ridley's *The Reflecting Skin* at Blim on December 22nd. Naked, orging, vomiting nuns and a prairie David Lynch—how can anyone resist? Unfortunately, it's happening a bit close to the 23rd for my liking—when Bela Tarr's *Satantango* will be playing at the Vancity. This film should also serve as a powerful remedy for the crassness of the season; seven hours of the fall of communism and the nature of evil are exactly what the doctor orders. Dr. Al, that is.

Merry Christmas, folks! **b**

Cinema Aspirant: Variations on a Theme

By ALLAN MACINNIS AND ELIZABETH BACHINSKY

Inanimate Scrap/ Arcane Timpanis/ Maintain Casper/ I Parent maniacs/ Rent camp in Asia/ Art is panic, amen/ Nice tastam P.I./ Armani cat penis/ Inca man pertains/ Ants caper in mai/ An air imp ascent/ Panama rice tins/ Apnea trims can/ A miscreant pain/ Marina's nitecap/ A starman pie in c/ Retina sac in pam/ Aim, prince satan/ A mantis crap in e/ Main arcane spit/ I crept in as a man / I, Anita - sperm can/ A catnip remains/ Retina aspice man/ Crimean pinatas/ Anna's C.I.A. permit/ In Cartman as pie/ A prim insane cat/ Camera is tinpan/ Persian can't aim/ A Partisan mince/ A prim canine sat/ A spearmin inca/ Am a inane script/ A stripmine, a can/ Race pain matins/ Nae, animist carp/ Santa came in, R.I.P./ Is a cramp innate/? Rien stamina carp/ Carmine is a pant/ In Ma's pict areana/ I, Cartman saplen/ I, pain sacrament/ I'm carpet in Saan/ I am carp cannist/ I am parts canine/ I am pant arenic/ I'm a catnip snare/ Main pirate scan/ I marine span cat/ E spirit in a can/ Prim Caanaities/ A nice rant is map/ Nice pair sat man/ Penis at main cat/ I name past carin/ Spice an martian/ Mine par in a cast/ I'm captain seran/ Arc am in panties/ Martian cap sine/ A term in caspian/ Mat a Spain rime/ Aspartame in INC./ I'm an strain cape/ Raisin tamp cane/ Sprain I came ant/ Aspartic in Mane/ Niacin same part/ Mica sprite naan/ Price Stan anima/ Stamina pin care/ I master nap I can/ I pact Armenians/ Iranian camp set/ I'm ten Asian carp/ Can simian patter/ Incite a prams ant/ Aspire in man act/ Mace in aspirant/ Mice snare a pant/ A can tie's mantra/ Pair as cane mint/ Ice mace ain't ran/ Rain ices am pant/ Mince anti as rap/ Races an pinple/ I'm a pain trances/ Trains pace in am/ I space train man/ Raise at camp inn/ Mean raisin camp/ Mace asian print/ Mini at a prances/ In a mars picante/ Pastime in ancat/ Manna cites a rip/ I spam incarnate/ Am sprite in a can/ I a miscreant nap/ I plant aene's a rim/ Cantine is a pram/ Rent I'm a caspian/ Scrim an ante pea/ A sipmer in an act/ I prance in a mast/ I'm a canter pants/ Ipaneman is a cart/ Partisan came in/ Escap't Nam. I ran. / A scrap in an emit/ Rice man as pint/ Pint as a crimean/ Marine as pecan/ An peas cran in it/ I'm pears a tin can/ Canape mist rain/ Canine aim spat/ Cast pan I remain/ Rasta in acme pin/ Can't I praise man/ Amanita princes/ Captain smearin/ Maniac painters/ Acne is an armpit/ Macinist art ape/ Rip panacea mint/ An in came tapirs/ I incarnate spance/ Scar pain inmate/ An insect air map/ Parisian catmen/ I'm insane at crap/ Anemic partians/ Panties in a cram/ Panic as rainment/ American P span/ American pain St./ American in past/ An American tips/ An American pits/ An American spit/ An America pints/ Pants in America/ Me, parasitic ann/ Priam, insane cat/ Me, I can strap lan/ Can pain remains/ Scar pain inmate/ C.I.A. trepans amin/ Am insane C.I.A. trap/ Am I a prince, Satan/? Am in as a part/ Carnies paint Ma/ I, anti-scape man/ A sperm in a can it/ Man pities a narc/ Antic arm: a spine/ Rapt manna is ice/ Maniac rapes tin/ Meat is pain, narc/ Traipse inna mac/ Am Cartesian nip/ Anniesiac in tarp/ Scree in patina/ Can't impair Sean/ A.I. as immanent CPR/ Cripes I am an ant/ Stamina pie narc/ Arsenic pita man/ Spit in a can, Erma/ Inept, I am a racist/ I am a CSPAN retina/ Ant-crime Palsan/ Scan an irate imp/ Manna pities arc/ I act in parmesan/ In a satanic perm/ In a car I am spent

Allan MacInnis is a regular columnist for *Disorder* and a serious cinema aspirant. His nonfiction has appeared or is forthcoming in *Skyscraper*, *Razorcake*, *Nerve*, *Terminal City* and *This Magazine*. Elizabeth Bachinsky is the author of two books of poetry, *Curio: Grottesques and Satires from the Electronic Age*, and *Home of Sudden Service*, which was nominated for the Governor General's Award for Poetry in 2006. She is a serious fan of cinema aspirants. **b**



A Taste of Cherry

STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

WEREWOLVES

PI Theatre
Performance Works
Saturday November 4

The theatre world has its own version of those clear-the-clutter types who go round streamlining closets and lives in the name of clarity and focus. They're called script doctors. It's a pity that *Werewolves* didn't encounter one at some point because author Teresa Lubkiewicz-Urbanowicz seems to have crammed every idea she's ever had into the one bulging play. Someone should have stopped her. The fact that no one did is especially unfortunate since there's still so much to admire in both the play itself and PI Theatre's production—but it needs room to breathe.

Set on a farm in Eastern Europe in what might be the 1930s, *Werewolves* simmers with brutality, superstition and buried secrets. There is also some superb comic writing and (here's to the production) some beautifully realized characters. But they rattle around in what feels like back-to-back episodes of a rustico-magic soap opera where scenic bombast is more important than narrative integrity. A feisty old woman wails laconically for death, her volatile son behaves like the nastiest piece of work this side of a Southern inbred, his niece and her betrothed struggle to break free of the family quagmire, the dead arise to switch places with the young, ghosts appear and wolves howl. No problem. It's just that the plot thickens like overcooked custard and characters are introduced who either go nowhere or are inappropriately lumbered with symbolism. The trio of young men who crash a wake, for instance, look and behave like urbane, vaguely threatening goths. Yet they are referred to as Wolfmen and made to carry all the titular baggage. Time is also conveniently elastic: From early early on, the son is loudly rumoured to have murdered his siblings who are referred to as babes, yet his sister's ghost appears as a young woman who exhibits a sexual attraction to one of the Wolfmen who murdered her. But wait, didn't her brother do it? Oh, never mind. By the time the house lights came up, the audience seemed baffled and weary and it was only intermission.

The local company who mounted the piece intended it as a showcase for emerging talent and as such, it worked very well, playing like a series of widely varied scenes meaty with comedy, drama and character nuance. It was a special joy to watch what actors did with secondary and minor characters. Shauna Orlowsky, for example, played one of the widows at the wake as a skinny little creature who said hardly a word but ate non-stop. It was impishly subtle. And Brian Sutton shone as an enthusiastically nerdy neighbour who was not only a scream in his own right but actually kept some dangerously ponderous scenes afloat. Under Tammy Isaacson's attentive direction, everyone in the cast made sense of the moment, even when connections to other moments were narratively tenuous.

Physically the production was a stunner. Jergus Michal Oprsal's set whiffed of earth, wood and burlap. Though naturalistic, it merged with Jeff Harrison's lighting to leave cracks through which other worlds could leak.

Although the playwright is a senior artist with a fair body of work in radio and stage drama behind her, *Werewolves* could serve as a caution to budding dramatists. Density and complexity good. Clutter bad. Don't confuse them.

SHAKESPEARE'S R & J

MD Theatre Coop
The Beaumont Studios
Saturday November 18

It would be hard to do a bad production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Such is the universality and humanity of the Bard's work that the story can be

RIFF RAFF

Bryce Dunn

Hot Loins, Live Girls, The Nons, The Mutators, The Clorox Girls

Last column of the year folks, and I'd like to take the opportunity to pat myself on the back for all the great music I've been able to write about, and for spreading the good gospel of the seven inch format to you, the faithful readers. This time we reach in to the goodie bag and pull out a trio of local releases and sneak in a current favourite band that should not be strangers to fans of catchy pop everywhere.

Hot Loins launch our loins into spaz mode with two cuts of frenzied keyboard/guitar skronk that'll have you either crumpling the dance floor or running from it for fear of embarrassing yourself. Now you're thinking, how are my sweet dance moves embarrassing? I kill it every time I hit it...well Hot Loins will be the judge of that, thank you. "Buzzkill" and "Reminiscent of the Admiration of a Graceful Lady" pop, lock and body rock in all the wrong places, but you'll get their groove after a few listens. On seafam green vinyl, get yours while they're hot. (The Broadway To Boundary, P.O. Box 21733-1424 Commercial Dr. Vancouver B.C. V5L 3X0).

Next up a split seven inch between **Live Girls** and **The Nons**, both of whom are relatively new to yours truly. I've seen The Nons play a couple of times and liked what I saw. Simple but effective punk made by members of other local acts **The Mutators** and **The Riff Randells** that brings to mind **Kleencore** or **The Slits**. "Operators" relies on a simple, choppy chord progression to bolster most of the song until its shout and spell climax. "Not Dangerous" makes quick work of its riot grl-esque rant, catchy chorus and all. Any info I could gather on Live Girls proved futile (Google yields a few million porno sites with those

search terms), so I'll venture to guess that this combo like their rock a little darker than most, maybe **Birthday Party** meets **Beehive** and the **Barracudas**? Whatever, I dig what I'm hearing. The Mutators give us four tunes of noise punk with female vocals that are a little buried in the mix at times. But perhaps that's the intended result, as the guitar acts like a chainsaw ripping through the bash and smash of the drums; imagine **The Gossip** if they turned down the blues and turned up the distortion. Three originals and a cover of **Black Flag's** "My War" grace their latest EP, so keep your peepers open for this one at their shows 'cuz their label (Grotesque Modern) doesn't offer much in the way of info.

Finally, **The Clorox Girls** wrap up this festive feature with a recent 7", a release that confirms these guys as one of my favourite bands of the moment, and the poster-boys for the new wave of power pop. "Eva Braun" tells the tale of the relationship between the *Führer* and the *Fräulein* by contorting the chords of "Mongoloid" by **Devo**. "In My Mouth" is a hilarious song about the perils of pleasing your partner, and "Walks the Streets" is a re-recorded version of a track from The Clorox Girls' first LP. But what all these songs have in common is a knack for hooks and melodies that'll stick in your head for days. Highly recommended. (Burning Sensation Records, a Dutch label with little contact info, sorry).

See you in 2007! **D**



set almost any which way and still push buttons. Using a boy's Catholic school as a framing device would, on one level, simply allow the play to be performed as it originally was—with males in all the roles. But there are plenty of contemporary implications in this take and under Jack Paterson's direction, Mad Duck Theatre has wisely let most of them arise unforced.

In Joe Colarco's adaptation, four schoolboys pull the book from its hiding place and begin the role play which is obviously a clandestine pastime. From the off, there was no messing with the classical text, yet all the shyness, exuberance and growing involvement came through as the lads enacted the story scene by scene. Periodically, they would snap to attention and conjugate Latin verbs or recite ludicrous catechisms on the social roles of men and women. This felt a bit unnecessary. The fact that they were sneaking around in uniform suggested their repressive environment clearly enough. It was Shakespeare's words that drove the show and, as delivered by this company, every one made vibrant sense—clearly because the actors were so physically connected to their characters. The lovers even blushed visibly.

All four players shouldered the roles and navigated them with astonishing seamlessness. Josh Drebit played the nurse as if she were a pantomime dame (now there's an idea—I preferred his portrayal to that

of any female I've seen) but was solidly blokeish as Tybalt, while Omari Newton, warm and fatherly as Friar Laurence, was a wonderfully imperious Lady Capulet without resorting to camp.

As R & J, Jason Emanuel and Daryl King were as touchingly odd a match as maybe a couple at a school dance—she tall, slender and towering over a stocky him. King played Juliet with a gentle grace that was quite genderless and totally believable. His performance did more to kosh the same-sex marriage debate for good than a thousand rants, and seemed firmly rooted in a youthful desire to experience all sides to an equation. The eagerness of all four boys to sink themselves empathically into the roles booted the play's main message into relief: that any hope for an end to war and prejudice must lie with youth. Juliet's "Tis but thy name that is mine enemy" has as much relevance now as ever.

Al Frisk's starkly minimal set included a chain link fence which took up half of the upstage wall. It was disturbingly ambiguous, suggesting a prison-like atmosphere in which all manner of abuses can occur. Endlessly topical, *Shakespeare's R & J* should do a tour of schools—both religious and secular. **D**

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

I Might Get Somewhere: Oral Histories of Immigration and Migration

Amy Tan and the students at Balboa High School
826 Valencia

I picked up *I Might Get Somewhere* on my trip to San Francisco in October. The Bay Area is a bibliophile's paradise. Not only do they have City Lights (best known as the birthplace of Beat poetry), but each neighbourhood in the city has a good handful of quality bookstores, second-hand and new. I could barely carry my book-laden bag on my trip home.

I purchased this particular book from 826 Valencia, both the name and the location of a non-profit educational society founded in 2002 by Dave Eggers, who you may remember from such publications as *Timothy McSweeney's Quarterly Concern*, *Might* magazine, and the novels *You Shall Know Your Velocity* and *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. It is a San Francisco Mission District institution—from the front they have a store that sells hours of pirate paraphernalia and many of their publications, and in the back they run a writing workshop and tutoring centre for students from 8-18. Branches of 826 have opened in Chicago, NYC, Ann Arbor, Seattle, and LA.

I Might Get Somewhere is a collection of 120-odd "Oral histories of immigration and migration", each around two to six pages long, "gathered, recorded, and edited by students at Balboa High School, San Francisco". The interviewees are friends and family of the students. Each story was recorded and transcribed, and then often translated from its original language into English. The result is a fascinating and overwhelming anthology unlike anything I've read before. There is a considerable number of histories from Filipino, Chinese, and Mexican immigrants, but the book is wide-ranging. You hear stories from Cambodia and Vietnam, Peru and Brazil, Korea, Iraq, El Salvador, Mississippi (there are actually quite a few stories from blacks wanting to leave the racist American South), Samoa, Honduras, Washington DC—and the list goes on. Each interview follows the same three-part structure: the first part follows the homeland, the second part details the journey, and the third part describes the arrival and the experiences in San Francisco.

Because it's a book of transcripts, many of which are translations, it's a completely different experience than it would be to read a book of short essays on the same subject. The language is uncomplicated and colloquial, and the subjects usually know their interviewers really well, so there's a familiarity there with the audience. These people aren't writers. These are stories of people with voices rarely heard, whether it be due to barriers of language, culture, education, or income. San Francisco is very similar to Vancouver, in that there's a constant influx of new immigrants. The language barrier is a major obstacle to really learning about our city and the people who live in it.

I learned a lot about San Francisco in reading these stories, because it's San Francisco as seen by outsiders and newcomers, who inevitably notice things in the city in a different way. Many people commented on their perceptions of the city before they moved there. Some imagined the Golden Gate Bridge, streetcars, and hills—the San Francisco feel to us in books and movies. Others had a vague idea of American cities, but not San Francisco in particular. Others knew next to nothing about the United States, generally because they were very young when they moved there. Hardly anybody who moved there had an experience that was exactly as they'd expected.

The collective experiences of the storytellers are one

of the most interesting things about this book. I think we tend to think of immigrant communities as cohesive wholes—that all Chinese immigrants have the same perception of and relationship with Vancouver, or that all Filipinos feel the same way about their own country. And there are definitely some stories that are very similar: for instance, there are a great many Mexican and Central American immigrants who made their way across the Mexican-American border with the help of coyotes, who I didn't know much about before. A coyote is an expert in illegal border-crossing. Prospective immigrants pay them enormous amounts of money to provide them with false identities (including sometimes giving the immigrant a makeover) and stories to tell the border guards. Often, coyotes treat their "clients" very poorly—not feeding them for days, or separating family members. The separation of family members crossing the border is extraordinarily common because it's apparently a lot easier to get across alone than if you're with someone. Many people didn't know if they'd ever see their children or spouse again. And after reading many stories from the same country, you begin to get a feel of what it might be like. Many Filipinos missed the warm weather, the food, and the friendly people in their home country. Most of the stories from Cambodians were horrific and sad because of the starvation and repression at home that they talk about, and because they often feel as though it was only by luck they actually survived. But by the time you're nearing the end of the book, the stories that were bleeding together when you were in the middle start to separate from one another again. You start to realize what diverse places these people come from, because you read stories from people from the same place who are of varying ages, social and religious background, and family situations. Some people can't wait to go back home, where everyone is so much friendlier and the food and weather are better, and it's easier to get a job—others totally love America (you hear the word "opportunities" in almost every story) and never want to go back home.

Because there are so many stories from so many different people, it is a difficult book to sit down and read all at once. It's much better in doses of about 5 stories at a time, because otherwise you start to mix up each story. I wanted to be able to savour and understand each person's individual experience and carefully compare them in my head, but it quickly became a soup of details and emotions and impressions. In that way, the book also very much has the feel of any city. You begin to realize just how many people there are, all living their own existences and with their own beliefs, ideas, dreams, and aspirations. I think that's why we forget about everyone out there. There's just too much information for us to process otherwise. This is a book that's best to put down and pick up again every couple of days, over a month or two, so you can be properly acquainted with everyone in it.

You can visit 826 Valencia at their website: www.826valencia.org
Marlo Carpenter

The Portable Conundrum

Edited by Andy Brown
Conundrum Press

Covering a wide range of authors from the last ten years of this publisher's existence, *The Portable Conundrum* presents a selection of diverse forays into prose, poetry, zine art, and novel excerpts. While the variety is noteworthy, the 30 artists represented here are, at times,

unfairly stereotyped by this book, like in a survey course. The quality fluctuates considerably as well, as the mundane details of certain stories fly by quickly, and drag in the midst of narrative flows. Overall, however, an irresistible humour shines through. Along with family relationships—both dysfunctional and otherwise—the authors present the vagaries of life, and the shattering results of the confrontation with economic realities. The funny parts rely largely on irony, as in the contradictory descriptions of beautiful losers and lost travelers.

In terms of layout, beautiful appraisals and writerly sketches are printed next to travelogues. Despite these incongruities, a First World lostness, mature in the fields of angst, anxiety, and the possibility of ruin, runs through many of the selections in this book. The zine aesthetic of these pieces links *The Portable Conundrum* strongly to the experimental kind of artistry on display on posters, pasted on lampposts or wet and half-torn on building walls.

Conundrum Press has printed a host of chapbooks, limited editions, and many other formats over the last decade, but this book is the first time I've slid into any of these artists' works. My overall impression is that of a multi-layered community of artists, readily accessible (if somewhat simplified) through this text. This collection is definitely worth exploring.

Arthur Kravins

Inkstud Year in Review

Top Hats and Flappers, Old Jewish Comedians, I Love Led Zeppelin, Shenzhen, Acme Novelty Library

There have been a plethora of great comics released this year, but it's hard for me to fine tune a list of the best of 2006. Publishers are expanding beyond their previous standards, and putting out some really innovative books. On top of the standard output of excellence by Fantagraphics and Drawn and Quarterly, this year saw small publishers like Buenaventura Press, Top Shelf, and Bodega join the fray with some incredible books of awesomeness.

Fantagraphics has made great use of their influx of funds from the highly successful *Peanuts* archival collection. Releasing a combination of fantastic art books and comics from old masters and new talent alike, the Seattle-based imprint has cemented itself as the most important publisher in comics today. Among their older works gaining exposure with new audiences is one of my favorite books of the year, *Top Hats and Flappers: The Art of Russell Patterson*. The gorgeous layout really complements the Deco aesthetic of Patterson's work. The art hearkens back to another time, but his sense of fashion is timeless, and translates well today. The castaways of *Project Runway* could learn a thing or two from the discerning taste on display in *Top Hats and Flappers*.

Drew Friedman's new collection of art, *Old Jewish Comedians*, is a slender hardbound series of portraits that marks a great turn of styles for this celebrated artist. While his work typically relies on a very complex and busy use of fine point inking, his latest collection uses a different style to great effect. Friedman uses a smart wash of muted colors, giving his subjects a certain caricatured look that indicates his love for these vaudeville greats.

Ellen Forney is one creator that I wasn't fully acquainted with until Fantagraphics put out a collection of her work. Her fabulous compendium, *I Love Led Zeppelin*, is a romp of collaboration with a crazy array of talents, including Margaret Cho, Dan Savage, Camille Paglia and

more. Ellen's work is an odd mix of sexuality, politics and just fabulous art. She effectively uses thick, black inky lines, showing a great understanding of cartooning and making for a fabulous read.

Drawn and Quarterly has also continued to build on their reputation for excellence. Following some great initial releases by top international talents, D & Q highlights some of the best of what comics can achieve. For example, Yoshihiro Tatsumi's series of reprints of his seminal work from the late 60s to early 70s are breakthroughs in mature storytelling. Lovingly translated by Optic Nerve author Adrian Tomine, Tatsumi's style has left an indelible mark on the genre, influencing everyone from Daniel Clowes to Jonathon Bennett and much more. *Abandon the Old Tokyo* is his latest collection, piecing together a sampling of dark, personal stories that stand apart in quality

from both historic and contemporary creators.

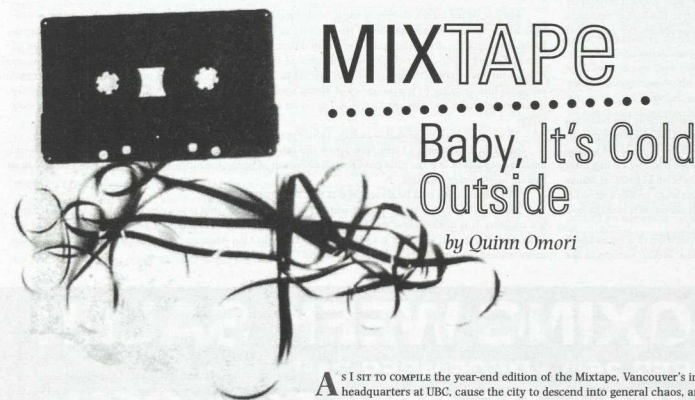
Another strong release from D & Q is the latest book by animator Guy Delisle. With *Shenzhen*, Guy maintains his rather profound ability to craft great stories with a beautiful style. With his primary work being in animation, Guy keeps his distance from an easy cartooning style, employing a mix of what seems like pencil and charcoal to craft his travelogue from China. His previous book, *Pyeongyang*, was a fascinating look into Stalinist North Korea, and he doesn't disappoint with this follow-up.

The last piece of wonderment from the hallowed halls of D & Q is the latest *ACME Novelty Library* by Chris Ware, which shows why he continues to rank as a master in the comics field. He crafts a story mixing the lives of seven people, all slightly connected and each with their own heartbreaking faults. Chris Ware is hands-down my

favorite creator, and this latest book reminds me why. He may only put out something every couple of years, but each book is well worth the wait.

If you want to check out more awesome comics, check out your local comic store. Just remember to stay away from anything that is about mutants or features men wearing capes. And you can also listen to the Inkstudios show, every Thursday at 2pm on CTR and available for free downloads at www.crowncommission.com/inkstudios. At the end of the December, I will be talking about these books and many more in our special broadcast covering the best comics of 2006.

Robin McConnell



AS I SET TO COMPILE the year-end edition of the Mixtape, Vancouver's in the midst of a large enough dump of snow to knock out power at *Discorder's* headquarters at UBC, cause the city to descend into general chaos, and inspire the rest of the country—who are more than adept at dealing with a little frozen precipitation—to laugh at our ineptitude. By the time you read this, the atypical frosty wonderland that's emerged in Terminal City might have already reverted to the usual mix of moderate chill and heavy rain. But in the current spirit of calling in sick to work, rear-ending someone in your summer tire-clad car (or foolishly decided to bike through the slush), and realizing that, no, you don't own an appropriate pair of boots, here's a mix for all things winter. 'Tis the season, as they say.

1. Julie Doiron – Snow Falls in November

The best way to deal with inclement weather is to stay inside, and this ode to hiding from Ol' Man Winter is the musical equivalent of a stoked fire, hot chocolate, and a warm body to cuddle up to.

2. Mirah – Make It Hot

If Julie's tune is a little too PG-13 for you, you can always follow Mirah Yom Tov Zeitlyn's lead, and lock yourselves indoors and find other ways to keep warm. "Make it hot/take me over and over and over."

3. Voxtro – Warmest Part of the Winter

This song lilts along with a post-coital laziness, as Ramesh Srivastava's soft croon is wrapped in blankets of reverb-laden instrumentation.

4. The Arcade Fire – Neighbourhood #1 (Tunnels)

We'll have to wait for global warming to kick up a notch before there's any freak winter storms that produce enough snow to bury any Vancouver neighbourhoods, but tunneling your way to someone remains a pretty romantic gesture.

5. Saturday Looks Good to Me – Mistletoe

An ode to an age-old method of sneaking a quick snog, by a modern day songsmith that filters his pop through the lenses of Phil Spector and Brian Wilson.

6. Jenny Lewis with the Watson Twins – Fireplace

"Throw another log on the fireplace." Sounds good to me.

7. Belle and Sebastian – Winter Wooskie

If you've ever found yourself traipsing around on the slushy sidewalks—amongst the Uggs, faux-fur coats, and hats with way too many pom-poms—and managed to lay eyes on someone who sent your heart a-flutter, this one's for you.

8. The Hylozoists – La Fin du Monde

A foot of snow falls and Vancouverites think it's the end of the world. The Hylozoists provide an appropriate musical backing for the winter-induced apocalypse, as keys warble and xylophones chime on a tune that could soundtrack *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

9. Elliott Smith – Angel in the Snow

This is one of my favourite songs, so I'll trot it out whenever it's even vaguely appropriate. For this mix, it's a perfect fit.

10. Okkervil River – Listening to Otis Redding at Home During Christmas

Whether you're home or abroad, listening to Otis Redding is a tradition worth celebrating at Christmas (or otherwise).

11. Palace Songs – Winter Lady (Leonard Cohen cover)

Leonard Cohen writes some damn fine songs, but he's not the most engaging singer in the world. Replaced by Will Oldham's creaky timbre, Leonard's low warble gets one-upped on the cover version of one of his tunes.

12. The Weakerthans – Slips and Tangles

John K. Samson weaves a modern day winter lament, and his band clothes it in an old fashioned ragtime waltz.

13. Erlend Oye – Last Christmas (Wham! Cover)

There are dozens of takes on this song, and Erlend Oye's version might be the only one that completely escapes the extreme unpleasantness of the original.

14. The Smiths – Shoplifters of the World Unite

I spent a good portion of my youth working at a crappy music store in a suburban mall, and every year around Christmas we would catch at least one person carrying a "booster box" (which was usually a bag, rather than a box). If you line a shopping bag with enough tin foil it'll block the signal from store alarms, and you can lift Nickelback and Ja Rule CDs to your heart's content. Happy holidays, indeed!

SPECTRES OF DISCORD

by David Ravensbergen

Home Taping Should've Killed the Record Industry
January 1988

Imagine a technology which allows you to record a song (studio quality) at home, then pop a number of dubs of it into the mail and send them to various friends all over the world, who pull off multiple dubs themselves and send them to other friends who pull off other dubs, and so on and so on...and all with no discernible loss in signal quality. Such is the nature of Digital Audio Tape (DAT) technology. Call it evolution. We all know what happens to dinosaurs.

Well, unfortunately, some dinosaurs have managed to adapt, and have even infiltrated the upper echelons of government to ensure their continued dominance of the planet. Okay, so I should have put that first paragraph in quotes, but I want you to truly appreciate the full force of the innocence and hope that gripped the imagination of *Disorder* writers back in January 1988. While DAT technology had already made lossless copying a reality, it is with a utopian lilt that editor Bill Mullan imagines a worldwide network of music fans, trading music with abandon (well, more like staring at their mailbox for weeks waiting for the next set of dubs to arrive) and undermining the hegemony of the recording industry. It's hard to believe that a mere decade later, Shawn Fanning would lay the groundwork for Napster, exploding decades-old notions of copyright and music distribution. I don't want to succumb to the lure of temporal prejudice, but it would be such a treat to return to the quaint days of 1988 and prophesy the coming of P2P file-sharing to the awestruck masses.

God is an Overwhelming Responsibility
December 1987

Moving right along to the December 1987 issue, we find the magazine in a considerably less coherent state. Rather than imagining the future of music, the folks of *Disorder* past undertook a little amateur prophecy of their own, envisioning the impending end of traditional forms of religion. In the spirit of taking the Christ out of Christmas, the issue maligns Christianity's blood-soaked history, before winding up in a hazy account of the late Pope John Paul II's appearance at BC Place. "Amid the laser light and chemical smoke splendor of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the Pontiff burst suddenly from the centre of the stage and delivered his vocals while flying about the stadium with a jet-pack strapped to his back." By all accounts it was the best show of the year.

A few pages over, we find a fascinating precursor to Pastafarianism in the promotion of a Texas-based faith: The Church of the Subgenius. Billed as "the only faith that promises action, thrills, success in sex

and business", this upstart church attracted such high-profile names as David Byrne and Pee-wee Herman at its heyday, both of whom are ordained ministers. Following the teachings of "Bob", the grinning man with a dapper haircut and a pipe dangling from his mouth, devotees seek to attain total Slack. Slack defies definition, and is posited as a powerful force in opposition to the rest of the world, which is "composed mostly of assholes." Linux Subgenius Patrick Verklender, would later take up this rallying cry, releasing his Slackware Linux distribution in 1993 as a gesture of protest against the "Mediocretins" (roughly translated as "Windows users") of the world.

The Monthly Controversy
"Decemburary" 2003/2004

Former editor Merek Cooper made a lovely final issue before departing for the UK, but he left a little time bomb nestled in the masthead. His spelling of "Decemburary" has unleashed a torrent of speculation amongst the magazine staff. Preferring a more laconic pronunciation, I was initially in favour of "Decemburary", only to be chastised by the rest of the staff for my extra 'r'. "It's *Decemburary*," they insisted. Much disagreement ensued. Finally caving to the superior numbers of my detractors, I was thrown yet again into disarray by my discovery of Merek's unconventional spelling. While I'm sure this will strike the average reader as inconsequential, it's been an issue of nuc-u-learn proportions around the *Disorder* office.

To wrap up this unspeakable month, I leave you with some words from "Bob": Slack is the Aladdin's Lamp that opens the other five senses. It is the yardstick by which we should measure ourselves. It is the only good reason to get out of bed in the morning, and if you don't believe that you are surely lost in Perdition.

The Slack that can be described is not the true Slack!

Slack, in its cosmic sense, is that which remains when all that is not Slack is taken away. But Slack is a trickster. It is unknowable, ineffable, unsearchable...hidden in revelation. Slack is neither created nor destroyed. If you don't have it, it's somewhere it shouldn't be! Abstract until incomprehensibility, it is the definitionless, insubstantial substance of the All—the *ISness* of the *BIZness*. **d**



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Copyfight!

Canadian copyright law is murky at best. Could Bev Oda's changes make matters worse?

BY GREG McMULLEN

IMAGINE: YOUR FAVOURITE BAND has just recorded a new, critically acclaimed, Pitchfork-approved, life-changing indie rock gem. Naturally, you want to support their creative endeavours, so rather than grabbing the album three weeks early on Souleseek, you wait for it to be released in stores. You get home from the shop, palms sweating with anticipation as you tear off the cellophane. After a couch-bound evening of headphone bliss, you decide to copy the album to your computer and put it on your iPod for your morning commute. Congratulations—you just illegally copied your legally purchased music.

What the hell gives? You did the Right Thing. You paid for the music, and you even went to an indie record store to do it. Why are you suddenly feeling like Harrison Ford in *The Fugitive*?

The answer comes from a closer look at how music is sold in Canada. When you buy most things, your ownership lets you do whatever you want with it. Most people would eat their apple, but if you choose to take photos of it, make it into a pie, or charge admission to look at it, you're allowed to do those things too. Music works a bit differently. Buying a CD gives you a package of rights, but to do other things you need to buy another license for the privilege. The music played by radio stations, played at weddings, remixed by DJs, turned into cellphone ringtones, or used for aerobics classes is all licensed by the Canadian Copyright Board. To get permis-

sion to use music for these activities you have to pay a licensing fee to them, which they in turn give to the proper copyright owners.

Making a mix CD or copying music to your iPod are among the many uses of music not included in your license when you buy it. These uses, known as "private copying", require an additional fee be paid to the Canadian Copyright Board. To simplify matters, this shadowy board of copyright enforcers collects a levy for every blank CD sold in Canada, a fee that amounts to just over half the price of the average blank CD. While there have been concerns raised by people who will not be recording copyrighted material but have to pay the levy all the same, the system does allow for legal private copying.

Starting in 2003, the Copyright Board collected a similar private copying levy on iPods, that was distributed to record companies who claimed damages from file sharing. Retailers and customers alike hated the extra charge, and in December 2004 federal courts overturned the levy, saying it was not allowed under the Copyright Act. Copying music you paid for to your iPod became illegal, as there was no means by which to obtain a private copying license. Strangely, freely downloading the same music from a peer-to-peer network and putting it on your iPod is not illegal, thanks to the legal grey area created by not entering into a licensing agreement in the first place.

Do you follow? If not, you're not alone. Welcome to the weird and wacky world of Canadian copyright law.

These strange discrepancies have not gone unnoticed by copyright owners, device manufacturers, or concerned citizens. Copyright change is afoot in Canada, and in the coming months Heritage Minister Bev Oda will announce a plan for revised legislation that should close loopholes and result in a more coherent system.

Cohereence doesn't necessarily mean good news for music fans. The Honourable Minister Oda has been accused of taking bribes from copyright holders, largely ignoring the concerns of device makers and consumers. If these stakeholders are ignored, it is likely that the revised laws will be very unfriendly to music fans. We might be stuck with restricted music that will only play on certain devices. As is currently the case in the United States, removing the restrictions on music we've paid for to play it on other machines, like an iPod or a car stereo, could be a crime.

We've become used to paying to own a tiny piece of a band in the form of an album, and the music on it is only part of the enjoyment. Buying music feels like buying a piece of the band, both as a way of keeping their ideas and art close to you, and as an indicator of your own impeccable taste. To create this connection to the music we pay for, we have to own music, not lease it. That means be-

ing able to do what we want with it, be it sharing a new band with a friend, bringing it with us to work or school, and remixing it. Paying for the rights to the same song more than once will not sit well with even the most committed of fans.

If restrictive copyright takes away the flexibility and ease of digital music, technological development will be crippled and an exciting avenue for cultural creativity will be lost, in favour of protecting the sale of chunks of plastic. Ms. Oda should keep this in mind while she sits planning how to spend the recording industry's money.

D

Concerned about copyright in Canada? Here's how to get in touch with Bev Oda:

Hon. Bev Oda
68 King Street East
Bowmanville, Ontario
L1C 3X2
Telephone: (905) 697-1699
Fax: (905) 697-1678
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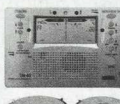
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**Inhuman
Rampage-Roadrunner**

In all my years as a music fan, I have never seen a record received with either such admiration or abhorrence as this latest release by Dragonforce. A sextet from all parts of the world, Dragonforce play anthemic galloping power-metal containing dueling guitar solos that make Yngwie Malmsteen look like Burl Ives. Lyrical references rich with fire, valleys, and mountains—and always having to fight, cross, or climb them—make *Inhuman Rampage* the ultimate D&D soundtrack. But the argument always comes down to this: are they questers or jesters?

Worst place to buy a condo in downtown Vancouver: apparently behind The Morrissey.

On May 18th of this year, The Morrissey Pub was host to the Vancouver CD release party, with special guests The Ka-Nives from Austin and local power-posters The Transmutators. Vancouver were brilliant and the Ka-Nives were chaotic, and by the time 10:30 rolled around—minutes before the 'Mittors set—the cops were there to address a noise complaint made from the condos behind the bar. Look, if one decides to live downtown one should learn to live with all the perks, noise and all.

Best way to travel the world without going to the airport: Various Artists - Radio Thailand: Transmissions from the Tropical Kingdom - Sublime Frequencies

As their website states: "SUBLIME FREQUENCIES is a collective of explorers dedicated to acquiring and exposing obscure sights and sounds from modern and traditional urban and rural frontiers via film and video, field recordings, radio and short wave transmissions, international folk and pop music, sound anomalies, and other forms of human and natural expression not documented sufficiently through all channels of academic research, the modern recording industry, media, or corporate foundations. SUBLIME FREQUENCIES is focused on an aesthetic of extra-geography and soulful experience inspired by music and culture." This year's Radio Thailand release is no exception. The two-CD set invites the listener into a world where they are not a tourist—more like a passerby that has stumbled across an audio document of what a country sounds like. Snippets of radio station IDs, news, music, and street noise make the Sublime Frequencies series a must-own for any serious world music fan.

Best thing about being a Canadian Music Director: American Record Repts

Me (on phone to rep): So you have your big Thanksgiving weekend comin' up?
Rep: Yep. Don't you?
Me: No, we celebrate Thanksgiving in October in Canada.
Rep: Oh...Do you get a long weekend in November?
Me: Yep. Remembrance Day. November 11th.
Rep: What? Veteran's Day?
Me: Well, we call it Remembrance Day.
Rep: (long pause) But...Dude, Canada wasn't in Vietnam.

Worst thing to scream at a Wolf Eyes show:

"Can I get a 'fuck-yeah'?"! Yes. That was me. I won't do it again. I promise.

A GAIN WE PLOW INTO THE crypt of CDs, 7-inches and rekkids we here at CITR received over the last 12 months. I am literally up to my neck in bins of recorded music as I type this, and someone has to go through it all—namely, me. The following list is by no means representative of CITR programmers' tastes, just a reflection of what passed through my messy-of-fice and what passed through my jaded, bitter ears this year.

Best proof you're never too old to (indie) rock: Sonic Youth - *Rather Ripped* - DGC Records

It took 'em 14 years, but the "Sassiest Band in America" finally released a platter of pure pop without a shred of irony. The opener, "Reena," recalls an energetic Breeders-esque vocal (before the crack—pun intended). "Incinerate" is Sebadoh at their self-deprecating zenith, and the harmonies on "Do You Believe in Rapture" recall the naive art-skronk of Polvo. One of the best albums, not only for the year, but for SY themselves.

Worst rendition of an already overplayed U2 song: Bank of America/MBNA - "One"

Words cannot explain how horrible this is. Two bank CEOs changing the lyrics to "One" to coincide with their recent merger: "One bank, one card" etc. The worst of white corporate America. Don't take my word for it; check it out on YouTube using "Bank of America - One" as the search terms. It's a scene as cringe-worthy as anything on "The Office." David Cross and Johnny Marr did a great rendition of it before a Modest Mouse show.

Best "screw you" to the iPod Shuffle: Om - *Conference of the Birds* - The Holy Mountain

Om are a fantastic bass 'n' drum (no, not the other way round) droner-metal duo that broke away from their previous lethargic incarnation, Sleep. *Conference of the Birds* is a slow dreamlike CD that lasts for two glorious tracks exceeding 15 minutes each. Here's the kicker: they've divided both songs into 45-second segments, leading to a 44-track CD that folds downloaders and iPod Shufflers alike.

Album that best answers the question "Can I still like a band even though they're total douchebags?": Don Caballero - *World Class Listening Problem* - Relapse

Voted "the biggest assholes in rock" by more than one publication during their heyday, Don Caballero called it quits in 2001, putting an end to the tension in their free yet studied progressive instrumental jams. Why? Well, not only could no one stand being in a room with them, they found they hated each other as well. This year Don Cab founder and drumming virtuoso (and asshole) Damon Che reformed the band with some new young blood and produced a sound that is more accessible than previous releases, but still snappy and rhythmic with incredible time signatures.

Best argument against finding a cure for ADHD: Girl Talk - *Night Ripper* - Illegal Art

With more than a hundred songs spliced together to form 41 minutes of brilliance, *Night Ripper* from Girl Talk (Greg Gillis) proves once and for all that yes, you can mix Wings' "Silly Love Songs" with 2 Live Crew's "We Want Some Pussy." Those of you who turn your noses up or ears off at the idea of "mashing" need not fret: *Night Ripper* is not just two songs put together in a musically ironic or humorous way. Instead the listener gets a 5-10 second burst of sound and beats until Gillis moves on to another schizophrenic jam. Kinda like a game of "Name That Tune" on a pound of blow.

Worst band with the best hipster pick-up line: CSS - "Let's Make Love and Listen to Death From Above" - Sub Pop

OK. It's not that bad a tune and they're pretty damn cute. But I'm sorry, you Brazilian sextets, your band has a shorter shelf life than the cilantro at the IGA on 12th and Main.



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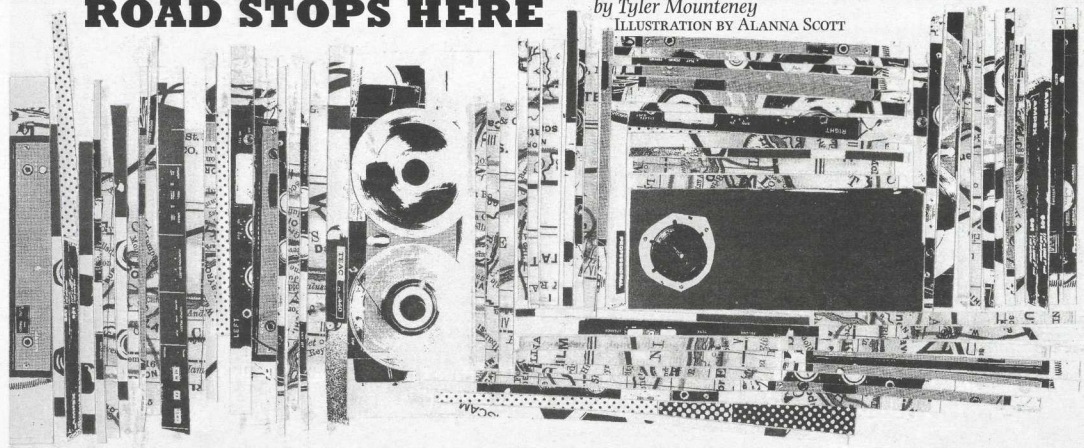
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DAYTROTTER

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD STOPS HERE

by Tyler Mounteney

ILLUSTRATION BY ALANNA SCOTT



SINCE THE 1850s, WHEN THE Rock Island Line became the first continuous rail line connecting the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan, the city of Rock Island has played an integral if unsung role in the transport of both goods and people across America. Now, in an age when most choose to tour the country in automobiles and get much of their information via the Internet, Rock Island is home to one of America's most unique and influential stopovers—Daytrotter. Bands on their way to and from the great cities of the Midwest are invited to make a brief two-hour appearance at Futureappletree Studios, to record four of their songs live off the floor—often using borrowed equipment—before piling into the van to finish their journey to the next big city. Recently, I had the opportunity to speak with Daytrotter engineer Patrick Stolley about the experience of recording these sessions and how it has affected his personal philosophy towards recorded music.

Futureappletree, the studio where the Daytrotter sessions take place, is also home to Stolley's own band The Marlboro Chorus, which has existed primarily as a recording project due to the personal circumstances of the members. As Stolley notes, "I/we do what we can when we can, as we all have kids and wives and houses and jobs and all that." When asked about the way his home base affects bands passing through to record, Stolley suggests that bands coming in for a session not only get to work in a comfortable environment, but also get to reap the benefits of his incessant gear hunting. "I think just having all the guitars, keyboards, pedals, amps, gizmos and recorders just feels like a big toy shop for gear heads. Anything goes, really, as long as we have time for it. The studio is fairly hodge-podge aesthetically, and smells like smoke and dust. It's really comfortable and disarming. I try to see it as others see it, and I think it feels laid back. I really love the room the bands play in. It's a great-sounding, mellow space, and lends itself to performance; almost every band has commented on that. It's great for me, because the only thing I have ever done in there is sweep up, put down some rugs, and paint the walls."

While the bands passing through have no doubt been influenced by the space, the engineer has been equally impacted by the experience of recording these itinerant musicians. When asked whether these sessions have changed his perception of his studio, Stolley suggests that his "conception of recorded music in general has changed more." He goes on to elaborate on his new outlook. "I have come to really appreciate good playing and arrangements more than ever before. The idea of limitation is much more interesting to me now. I've always liked the 'commitment' of tape, but the commitment of two-track live mixing is really exciting. Since I've done Daytrotter, when I go to do multi-track stuff I'm like: 'this should already be done! I have too many choices, help!' which is how I felt when I did the first Daytrotter recordings, but now it's reversed."

When I asked Stolley about his experiences working with the sounds of many disparate bands, he noted that "Every session has a positive side, and every one has a point where I'm going nuts. Sometimes the bands really piss me off, but I choke it down and move on. Sometimes I'm just busy and pissy, and I snap at Sean or the helper guys. Sometimes the bands seem to ask for the world, and I want to say no, but then I have to just go, 'why not?' There have been so many times where I'm finally ready to record, and I hit the buttons and the band just blows my mind. I can't even count them. There have been so many times when I'm convinced that what I've just recorded sounds like crap and I suck, only to listen back to the tapes a week later and feel great about it. It's a very weird and amazing thing to do. I can only say I'm grateful for the experience."

Sean Moeller, the brainchild behind the Daytrotter phenomenon, must have seen in Stolley the flexibility and positivity which would be needed in order to successfully tackle such an intense project. Stolley explains how the two of them hooked up to create what has quickly grown into a successful, innovative combination of online music journalism and recording. "When [Sean] came home from school at the University of Iowa and started doing music journalism, he interviewed me a few times and we hit it off. Sean's dirty little secret is that he's a great songwriter (though he'll probably never have the time to pursue that), and I offered to record some tracks for him at my studio. I played drums and some guitar and stuff and he sang and played acoustic guitar and over the course of six months we got eight songs together, which to this day are sitting in my computer. He really dug the vibe of the studio and the way I do things, so when he got the idea for Daytrotter, he approached me to do the recordings."

For Stolley, the energy of the Daytrotter sessions is not only a merit of their unique recording process, but is also shaped by the relationships struck up with the visiting musicians. He recalls a very early session with the Donkeyes and Casiotone which was extremely positive. "I don't know why, really, we just hit it off. We made friends right away, and joked around about beating each other up. It was one of the first times where I really felt like I 'got' the band, and felt like I was in the recording...like I made a big difference. I listened to the tapes later and really loved them, and played them in my truck with the windows down and wished I were just lazing in the sun with a beer and some pals and a fishing pole in my hand. I could see it, and it was relevant to me. That goes way beyond the songs, I guess, but it just felt great."

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Check out Daytrotter.com for quality music journalism, along with a weekly dose of two-track recordings by your favourite bands. **D**

RELUCTANT'S CHILDREN by Al Boyle

Q&A WITH EVAN CARLETON OF RELUCTANT RECORDINGS

ART BY SEAN MAXEY

I FIRST MET EVAN CARLETON on a winter tour in Edmonton, where he saw and liked my band The WPP. Basically, right after he saw us he put out our vinyl LP. When one is in a band, one tends to encounter people that say many things and do nothing. Evan is the opposite. He simply said, "Hey guys, I really like your band" and then did what he said. A solid man. While the record deal was definitely a start, everything clicked for me when we drove into Edmonton in the snow and found his house, where he introduced me to *Arrested Development*. Humour is a great joiner of friendships, and from that point on I was totally down. In terms of a musical aesthetic, Evan chooses bands for his label Reluctant Recordings according to a localized sound. The last time I saw him he was telling me there was a Vancouver or West Coast sound of the current moment. At the time I didn't really see it, and he rode away on his bike before I could find out more. I finally tracked him down to get to the truth of the matter.

Discorder: How long has Reluctant existed?

Evan: Reluctant Recordings has been around since approximately April 2004.

How did you compile such an impressive roster of Canadian bands?

It's mostly due to the great friendships that I established way back in the day with a little band, that I believe you are familiar with, called The WPP. I was trying to book a mini-Alberta tour for The Franklins and as luck would have it, The WPP was booking in the same area for the same dates, so The Franklins ended up playing two shows in Red Deer and Drayton Valley with The WPP.

We got to talking and before I knew it we were partying pretty hard and making plans to release their critically acclaimed full length *He Has the Technology*. Doing that album kinda got my foot in the door of Vancouver's burgeoning music scene. The WPP recommended that Sean Maxey (The Doers) should do some of his art prints for their album; then I met The Doers. The WPP also told me about Karen Foster. What a great band!

For me, it just seems like the more great bands you work with, the more great bands that you find out about, and so it goes.

What do you look for in choosing what's good for your label?

Considering that half the bands in the back catalogue have broken up, it would appear that I don't look hard enough into what's good for my label [laughs]. Seriously, I try to look for a band that is fully committed to what they're doing, and does it with some form of integrity and ingenuity. It also helps when a band has a unique sound or style.

Lots of bands these days are pretty transparent as far as just being a band for chicks, prestige, image or whatever, and have little more to bring to the musical table than rehashing music that has already been written. Nothing bothers me more. I like to sign bands that are forging new music with some passion and thought; for the most part, I have accomplished that.

I hear you're helping Sean Maxey with some silk screening for a show he's got. Why are you so nice?

I'm so nice to Sean cause he's so damn nice. I absolutely love his artwork. I always tell him that we're like two lost ships in the sea that found each other, and that he's been definitely one of the best things that has come out of doing this label thing. I've been working with The Doers on their last LP (which also features a five-colour cover of his artwork) and life couldn't be better.

Tell me about Sudbury's Vargel, one of the newer bands on the label.

You've never heard anything like them before. I've never been so scared yet drawn into an album before I heard *Must Lunge*. It should be in your stereo because there is no way I can describe how good they are or what they sound like with words. I'm really fucking excited for this one.

Do you get flack from elitist "punks" in Edmonton that tell you you're not cool enough to have SNFU on your label?

No, surprisingly. I'm sure it goes on behind closed doors. No one has said anything to my face.

Does anyone else help keep the Reluctant conglomerate afloat from legal battles, smear campaigns, etc?

Yeah. There are definitely a few people, without whom I would have given up on this a long time ago:

Nicole Journault: Girlfriend, emotional support, mental clarity
Ben Gallaher: Good friend, helps screening and just about anything else I need help with, writes a lot of one sheets

Kenny Seldom: Bass for The Franklins, good friend, helps screening and just about anything else I need help with

Matt Sterling: Definitely smear campaigns, one sheets, humour

If you were to view your roster as your children, who would be your favourite? Who's the clumsy child? The ADD/ODC child? The mean one?

The Franklins: Firstborn, much love

The WPP: Favourite child

SNFU: Strange adopted 35 year old son

Whites Houston: Clumsy/party child

All Purpose Voltage Heroes: The effeminate child you think may be gay and it doesn't bother you at all

To the Teeth/To the Hilt: Smarty pants
Killer...Whales: Japanese hippie exchange student who spent that one special winter here

The Doers: The doer

Karen Foster: The schizophrenic one that can see messages in the TV snow

You Say Party! We Say Die!: The kid that's always away from home.

Fake Cops: The cool kid

Ghost House: The artsy talented kid

Vargel: The misunderstood/underestimated kid

Latest release?

Ghost House: *Departures* re-issue on LP/CD. This one is gonna be sweet. Remastered and new artwork.

Vargel: *Must Lunge* re-issue on LP/CD. I think I've made myself clear about this album.

To the Teeth/To the Hilt: new 7-song 12"/CDEP combo. Great new stuff from this great band. Might be their last release.

Why do you put so much time and energy into putting out records on your label?

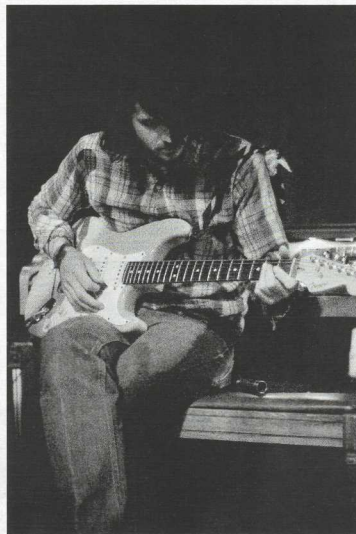
Because I love doing it and love being able to work with such talented bands without the mumbo-jumbo bullshit of labels concerned more with image and marketing. I like the idea of making each release a milestone both for the band and as an object that people might collect or keep for years down the road. I like the idea that I make a batch of records here in Edmonton and they end up quite literally all over the world, and people that buy them seem to like them. I definitely like everything I put out to have a certain aesthetic and feel to it. That makes it all worth the stress and effort.

www.reluctantrecordings.com





beach house



BUILD YOUR HOUSE ON THE SANDY LAND

by Saelan Twerdy

LIVE PHOTOS BY AKMAL NAIM

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, you want music to keep you warm. You want to steep yourself in a blanket of cozy, hazy sound to lull away Seasonal Affective Disorder, unclench your jaw, and efface the auditory aftershock of hearing car brakes sluice through rainwater-clogged streets all day. You need a vacation. Why not pay a visit to Beach House? This Baltimore duo (Victoria Legrand: organ and vocals; Alex Scally: guitar) released their debut album just a few months ago on Carpark records, and it's already been showered with so much praise that you can count on seeing it on a good many Top Ten lists when the year rolls to a close. At Pat's Pub on November 12th, the band exceeded already-high expectations by reducing the surprisingly packed venue to a state of hushed awe with their immaculately atmospheric dream-pop. Prior to getting on stage, however, Beach House was gracious enough to provide *Discorder* with an on-the-spot interview.

Discorder: So, have you guys done a large tour before?

Victoria Legrand: No, this is our first huge tour.

Were you just playing in Baltimore before?

V: Yeah, or playing in Philadelphia or NY. So this is our first major extravaganza.

So you recorded the album in February, right? How long have you actually been playing music together?

V: We've been playing together for two and a half years, and we've been Beach House for a year and a half. Almost two years now.

BEACH HOUSE CHAT ABOUT BEARDS, BUZZ AND ARTISTIC PURITY

Are you...together, or just a band?

V: We're just a band. We're supposed to be, like, 'We won't tell you...' Alex Scally: Tabloid question!

I know. Terrible thing to lead off with. I think in *Arthur's* review of your CD, they refer to you as lovebirds.

V: We could be lovebirds.
A: It's a state of mind.

I think they also suggested that you should grow a beard. You seem to be following up on that.



A: Well, I HAD a beard!
V: And super long hair. He just chopped it off.
A: I couldn't deal with it. It was always knotted at the back.

Do you feel there's a lot of pressure to grow a beard, in today's musical climate?

V: That was a funny tangent, that. I just think men have so few things they can do with their physical bodies. Girls can get their hair straightened, coloured, whatever. Guys can grow a beard. Or they can shave a beard. Or they can have a moustache or not have a moustache.

A: Also, I just didn't shave since we started tour.

What do you guys do when you're not playing music? Do you go to school?

V: We're not at school. We have our jobs.
A: I do carpentry. It's a really good job.
V: I'm in the service industry.

The buzz for you guys has been building in a really steady fashion. It's got to be nice to have the positive review on Pitchfork. And I'm sure by the time your tour is over you'll have a lot more exposure.

"I just think men have so few things they can do with their physical bodies. Girls can get their hair straightened, coloured, whatever. Guys can grow a beard. Or they can shave a beard. Or they can have a moustache or not have a moustache."

V: It'll be just in time to write more and then tour again, possibly.

A: It's definitely more than we ever could have asked for. I mean, it's our debut tour and we're not with a bigger band. We expected it to be really hard, and we've played a few pretty empty, rough shows—that were still great! There were people there that were awesome, and awesome to meet, but this is incredible.

This show tonight, there were no posters, no tickets available in advance...

V: I can still barely believe they're all here to see us.

You guys have an uncommonly fully-formed aesthetic for a band who's just done their first album and is on their debut tour.

A: Thank you.

You've been playing piano since you were little, right?

V: Yup, we both have.

A: I started piano when I was five, then I kinda quit it for a while and got into less classical stuff when I was about twelve.

What was the first music you were into?

V: As a child, I was really into classical music. And musicals. I was really into old musicals, black and white movies. I liked Kurt Weill and the Threepenny Opera. I didn't really get into pop music until I was in high school. My parents were really opposed to pop culture. No New Kids on the Block.

Was it a music thing? Did they want to keep you in the classical world?

V: I think my mom was just trying to preserve my childhood innocence. I think she was trying to cultivate the kind of situation where I would be able to imagine a world uncontaminated by other people's ideas at too much of an early age. Though I don't think it was that thought out.

That's really nice. From the way you talk about it, it sounds like you have a really good relationship with your parents.

V: Well, my mother particularly is very supportive, because she's very involved in the arts herself.

How did you guys get hooked up with Carpark?

A: After we recorded our record, we were sending it around through various friends of ours. The head of Carpark saw our show and got in touch with us. We really liked him, because a lot of people really try to get you into a long-term relationship, and we were scared of that, because we didn't know anything about record labels. He wanted to do things on an album-by-album basis, and that suited us really well.

V: We'll see how it goes.

Carpark is doing this funny restructuring thing too, because they used to be such an electronic label.

A: It's all Baltimore now. They signed Ecstatic Sunshine, and they have plans for multiple Baltimore bands.

I remember when Ecstatic Sunshine's album came into the store I work at and I saw it was on Carpark, produced by Rusty Santos, so I put it on and I was like, "Whoa!" Not what I expected at all. Instrumental dual-guitar duelling.

V: We were mastered by Rusty Santos!

I didn't know that! That's great. What are some other bands from Baltimore that people should know about?

A: Arboretum is a Baltimore band that's really good.

V: Dave Heumann is in that band and he's been doing stuff for way longer than us. He's played in the Anomoon as well.

A: There's a lot of other bands, too. A lot of little bands. Thank You, is a band I like a lot. You'll probably hear something about them in the coming future.

V: War Dogs.
A: WAR DOGS!

So how are you guys keeping busy on the road? Do you have a pile of books?

V: No.

A: There's no time! You're either just trying not to be crazy, or trying to figure out how to get to where you're going.

V: Nodding off, organizing the van, listening to a lot of music. We have this one Daniel Johnston album that we've been listening to over and over. We've decided that's the kind of music we're most into, where there's that level of purity where the person is just...[makes a whistling, falling noise and a gesture signifying "gone"]. Montag's almost like that to me. [Note: Montag was touring with Beach House as their opening act.]

He seems very unselfconscious.

V: He is! He's just pure happiness. He's a dreamer, but not a self-destructive dreamer, which in the art world, anywhere, that's usually what you get. I don't see any destructive qualities in him at all.

He seems very sweet.

V: He glows! We met him at Pop Montreal.
A: He's really taken care of us.
V: He lives in a hobbit-house!

So what are you guys really digging right now, just in general?

V: I like reggae. I always go back to reggae. Nirvana. We both love the Breeders. We're really into the early 90s. It seems like such a colourful time. Saturated colour.

cont'd

I don't remember it that way at all.

V: Well, we're romanticizing it now, but looking back...

A: Tea. I never drank tea before. I'm way into it now.

V: Vitamin C. Um...I really wanted to watch *Half-Baked* the other night and I didn't get to. And not that I haven't seen it before or anything... I just wanted to watch something like that. I just wanted to sit down and watch a stupid movie.

Okay, let's do favourite movies.

A: I really like this movie called *Who's Singing Over There*, this Eastern European movie from the 70s. I also watched *Hud* the other night. It was really good.

V: I love the Flaming Lips' *Fearless Freaks* documentary. I love that movie so much. I think it is so entertaining. Also, the Townes van Zandt movie, *Be Here to Love Me*, is totally heartbreaking.

A: And the Daniel Johnston movie.

V: It is incredible! I'm really into documentaries lately. I used to like romantic movies, like Wong Kar-Wai, but I don't know what happened. I became one of the people that falls asleep during those movies.

I could really see you guys on a Wong Kar-Wai soundtrack.

V: I would love to see Beach House in a cinema somewhere. To see someone else's idea of what they visualize when they listen to our music would be really great.

That reminds me—those press photos you have—is that a place you guys actually hang out? Because those photos are awesome. They give such a good impression of what you sound like. As soon as I saw them, I thought, "I'm going to like this band."

V: Well, we would hang out there if it wasn't so far!

A: When we took those pictures, it was pretty cold.

V: But it actually was a perfect moment. With the sun coming up, and the dress I was wearing that day...

I think that dress alone probably got you some fans.

V: I felt like Cinderella! I know Arthur mentioned the dress in their review.

You guys make a point on your website of saying that you don't use any drum machines. Are all your drum sounds made from processed found sounds?

V: Well, they are electronic, in that they're recorded from a four-track and put on to a CD. It's just that the sounds are taken from the organ or we make them ourselves with bells and things.

A: But it is very different, in a very distinct way, from a drum machine. A drum machine has this really contrived sort of sensibility about it—which is really good for some things and really works—but if we actually used a drum machine, it would change our music drastically. It would be unrecognizable. That's why we make a point of it.

And it sounds really great. It's just that every review of your album that I've read says "drum machine".

V: Or laptop.

A: I think it's just that there isn't an obvious category for what we're doing, rhythmically.

So what do you play the sounds through, live?

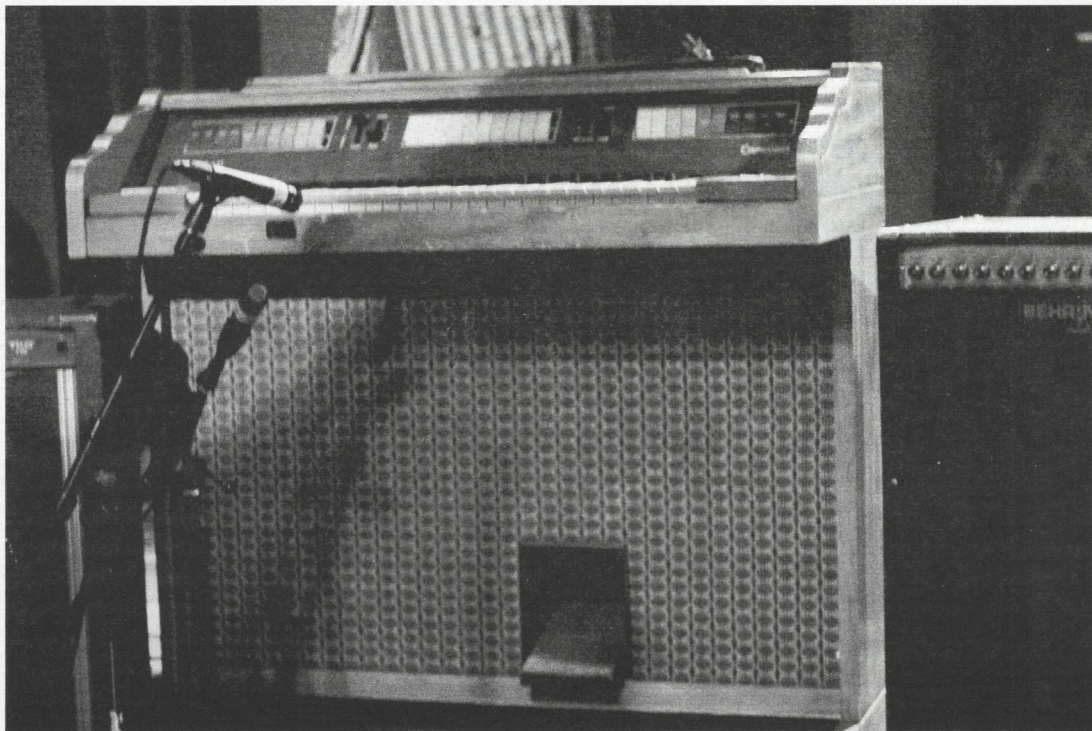
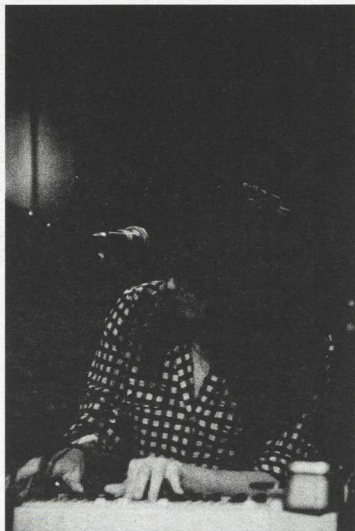
A: We make them on tape, and we spend a lot of time making sure they sound just right. The recording is a huge part of the process, which is one of the reasons we don't want people to say "drum machine", because that means that the sound was dictated by a machine.

V: We're very specific about the way we want it to sound. It's about two thirds of the whole songwriting process.

A: We're electronic only in the sense that we use a lot of electricity when we play. On "Tokyo Witch", a lot of the texture is actual rain sound, but we didn't record it so people would go and think, "Hey, it's rain." It's not a signal to say "rain".

V: It just created a texture and we went with it.

Beach House's self-titled debut is out now on Carpark. More info and songs at www.myspace.com/beachhousemusic. **D**



PARENTAL ADVISORY

MY BROTHER AND I TRAINED—OR perhaps broke—our parents' listening ears pretty well in high school. I started with **Ministry**, **Nirvana**, and **Mr. Bungle**, and my brother carried on the ear-bleeding legacy with **White Zombie**, **Deftones**, and **Pantera**. At that age, your parents are still coming to grips with all the weird shit you're into. The word "why" is thrown around a lot. "Why

does he sound like [hilarious simile]," or "Why are they so [hyperbolic adjective]?"

As we grow older, our parents come to terms with what we're into. Sometimes they even start listening to it themselves. Other times, they adopt a more culturally relativistic approach, usually attributed to that wide open space that's created the day you're born, the generation gap. And often, our parents simply agree to disagree, and no explanation is necessary. They've accepted the fact that the world is a mysterious place.

Ineffable phenomena occur every day—there are some things reason cannot grasp. They take it all in stride, because our elders are wise.

As year-end publications traditionally feature retrospective analyses of the year's offerings, it was from the premise that our parents bring wisdom and perspective that we decided to have them review some of 2006's better albums for our January issue.

Gnarls Barkley St. Elsewhere (Downtown)

Danger Mouse and **Cee-Lo** have crafted a wonderful, old-time, R & B, soul album. Dressed up and updated with hip hop and electronica, this album should appeal across generations, with something to like, whether in your teens or fifties.

The music is very danceable, and has good energy. At the same time the writing is full of an insightful, very sense of humour, often with a dark comment on life. Our favourites are the humorous "The Boogie Monster" and the classic-sounding "Crazy". Great vocals and backup harmonies remind us of the late night, commercial free FM radio of the late sixties and early seventies.

Although we enjoyed most of the electronica we thought that "Smiley Faces" didn't need the *Star Wars* synth sounds. We would have enjoyed a little more interesting percussion and more use of horns but this is stretching to find anything to be critical of.

We anxiously await the next collaboration between these two innovative songwriters.

by David & Myrna Mounteney
parents of Tyler, contributor
parents-in-law of Alanna,
production manager

Various Artists

Tropicalia: A Brazilian Revolution in Sound
(Soul Jazz)

When I first started listening to *Tropicalia* I was immediately drawn to the 1960s upbeat, pop sound; white go-go beats, flower power and day-glo colours. Imagined scenes from *Austin Powers* or *American Bandstand*! But that happy, silly emotion quickly gave way to feelings of irritation and impatience that the music would soon finish! The melodies seemed light and fairly simple, but as I listened more closely to the instruments, I soon realized each song was comprised of multiple layers. Obvious were the musical instruments; but also an innovative use of electronic wizardry, as well as



voices meant to complement but not in a lyrical sense.

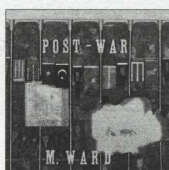
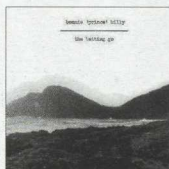
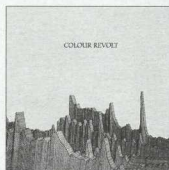
Since the lyrics themselves were not in English, I was forced to think about which feelings and images the songs invoked. The third track, **Gal Costa's** "Tuareg", had a Middle Eastern flavour, so snake charmers and crowded bazaars came to mind. The fifth track, "Alômega" by **Caetano Veloso**, smacked of **Bob Dylan's** distinctive intonation on the latter syllables. Track 16, "Panis et Circenses" by **Os Mutantes**, took me to the parade of elephants coming into the Big Top tent followed by jugglers and acrobats!

Such creative use of language and music, in quality, tone and timing, ended up being an innovative compilation of various flavours—all palatable and most certainly enjoyable. I would say the only constant was the underlying '60s theme. Never have I listened to a single CD that made me think of a '60s music video, a trip to India or visiting a circus all in the same sixty-odd minutes!

I listened to this CD as "background" music while visiting with friends who are professional musicians—it certainly brought on an interesting discussion! I wondered what type of audience it would attract. The singers' voices sounded young, but why would they have chosen this particular era to emulate? In summation, I would have to say that *Tropicalia* provided as much entertainment as it did to stimulate conversation and speculation.

by Kathy Carpenter
mother of Mario, copy editor

Bonnie "Prince" Billy
The Letting Go
(Drag City)



Not knowing what to expect we listened to the CD *The Letting Go* by Bonnie "Prince" Billy with anticipation and interest. Our musical listening roots go back to the '60s and the '70s. In listening to the CD we heard hints of **Bob Dylan** and **Donovan**. These artists also included storytelling, folk and ballad aspects in their lyrics as does Bonnie "Prince" Billy. The lead singer's voice is very unique and raspy, very suited to the slow lyrical quality of the music he is producing. We found a Celtic influence with haunting tracks and beautiful harmonies with the female vocalist. They are obviously very talented and experienced musicians.

It was easy listening for us. The music we thought would suit coffee houses or intimate concert venues where the audience can interact with the performer. The writing is intelligent and mature. We imagine that the artist has a loyal fan base who are very pleased with this new CD.

by Bryan and Suzanne Coles
parents of Melanie, contributor

Colour Revolt

s/t EP

(Esperanza Plantation)

I thought that childbirth was the most painful experience associated with my daughter. Enter Colour Revolt.

The lead singer yells. Albeit quite strongly and with emotion, but the lead singer screams. At times, his voice becomes hoarse. Why does he scream? What is he angry about? I attempted to understand his sorrow and his angst but I could not understand the lyrics. Were they coherent English sentences? The nurturing, problem-solving mother in me wanted to help this young man through his pain, so I examined the song titles.

"Blood in your Mouth," "Circus," "Homes are Graves"—now I understand why these songs made me feel hopeless. Perhaps that was Colour Revolt's intention. If you're feeling too satisfied with life and you want to come down, listen to this young man sing.

The music, however, was often melodic and soothing. If one could press a button and eliminate the screaming, you can imagine having this music at a low decibel and actually enjoying the record during an evening of quiet reflection. Minus the distortion.

Overall, if you're looking to carry out a random act of kindness, buy this record. Perhaps then this young man and his band will experience joy and hopefully have it spill into their next release. The instrumental talent is already there!

by Rosa Rana
mother of Catherine,
ad manager

Joanna Newsom

Ys

(Drag City)

—AND—

M. Ward

Post-War

(Merge)

When our son David asked us if we would write a review on a couple of albums, we had no



idea what a novel listening experience we were in for. The last few days we have been playing the fascinating and unusual music of Joanna Newsom from her album *Ys* and the intriguing and comforting music of M. Ward from his album *Post-War*. The artists remind us of music and experiences of the past, and have drawn us in with their new contemporary sound.

Joanna Newsom's voice and lyrics are like nothing we have heard before. As the first song on the album *Ys* started, we were reminded of the folk music of **Joan Baez**, but it soon became apparent that this is no easy-listening, familiar music. Newsom's unique, expressive voice fluctuates from smooth to intense-at times sounding like the gentle warbling of sparrows only to be interrupted by the squawks of a starling's jay—and surprised us with unexpected variations and squeaks. The stories in her songs have images from fairytales and the countryside, but the feel of the album is more restless than pastoral. The first time we listened to the album we were puzzled by the incredibly complex lyrics filled with allegory, and found the unpredictable twists in voice and narrative rather jolting. We subsequently were able to go with the flow, and enjoy her music, rhyme and amazing poetic combinations of words. We were intended to consider various meanings. Joanna skillfully plucks and strums the harp and its mesmerizing beauty complements her voice and lyrics very well. The accompanying orchestra also enhances the contemplative mood of the album. Newsom's unique voice, vivid imagination and creativity were

compelling to us and evoked a variety of feelings such as sadness and loss and also a sense of beauty and mystery.

M. Ward's album *Post-War* is unlike the album *Ys*, but we found it to be equally engaging. It was easier to listen to because the songs are shorter and the lyrics, though they have depth and symbolism, are not as complicated as Newsom's. The tunes and words make captivating and catchy ballads. Ward's soothing and mellow voice and the gentle playing of his guitar feel reassuring and comforting. However, he also takes surprising and energetic turns with his voice and guitar. Other accompanying instruments and voices added special effects such as **Beatles** sounds, a chugging train, and a honky-tonk piano. We were reminded of **Gordon Lightfoot**, **Bob Dylan** and **Johnny Cash** in the songs, but it feels like Ward is doing something new and original, not copying. The overall tone of the album is upbeat and hopeful even though the topics he deals with such as war and heartbreak are not easy or lighthearted. The songs on this album resonated with us and we thoroughly enjoyed the music and lyrics.

This listening and writing experience has been enriching. It has rekindled in us an interest in exploring earlier folk, blues and rock and has opened us up to the possibility of finding other treasures in contemporary music. Thank you David and Discorder.

Grace and Ray Ravensbergen
parents of David, editor
[Thanks for contributing, mom and pop. -ed.]

Beach House

s/t

(Car Park)

Beach House offers an unusual and diverse mix of sounds, but for these 53-year old ears, the unsettling experiments in distortion and monotonous chord patterns prevented this album from being musically memorable. Distinctive melodies are important to our generation, and we

tunes that to our ear seem to be going nowhere (which is much of the music since vinyl returned).

That's why my wife and I had some trouble listening to this CD, in spite of the merits that appeared more obvious on the second listen. We became teenagers in the '60s. We're used to verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, and so on for 99% of what we listened to.

Victoria Legrand and Alex Scaally don't concern themselves with this as they create their own roaming song conventions on Beach House. (Is that the name of the band or the album?) I'd have to listen a few more times to identify the patterns within each song, or if they are consistent between songs. Their typical approach is to build the intensity of each song from beginning to end, rather than a chorus or bridge crescendo here and there throughout. Each song starts sparse and fairly vague, and usually rises to a more moving finish.

The lyrics are consistently cryptic, which is part of their artistic appeal. But much of the album sounded flat in terms of feeling. I was never sure if I was listening to a love song, social commentary, personal philosophy or what, but the general mood was depressing.

I'm afraid the same generational gap applies to the melancholy sound. We're used to angry sounds, loving or revolutionary themes, dance tunes, etc. Beach House reminded me of a *Morrissey* brand of slow whine, which I just can't seem to acquire a taste for. Next to the production (I'll get to that later), this was what made me question if I could ever listen to it for pure enjoyment—in spite of the brilliant but fleeting bridges emerging from the often droning melodies.

At first it seemed like a simplicity reminiscent of *Donovan's Gift* from a *Flower to a Garden* album. Then I realized that Beach House lacked Donovan's sing-along quality, and had more complex rhythms, less predictable structure—essentially a whole different take on simple melodies. Other times the sound was nightclubsque, or had a fleeting country feeling, while retaining its affect of despair as a thematic musical base, e.g. in "Heart and Lung".

Interwoven is a kind of *Belle & Sebastian* use of the pre-pubescent female voice, but with mellow overtones. In the piece "Auburn and Ivory", singer/lyricist Victoria Legrand demonstrates her singing versatility by sounding like *KD Lang* in a brief bridge, then goes right back to her girlish style mixed with European diva singing in English. She was also able to create some skillful choral overlays, and was adept at singing microtones—those elusive little notes between the semitones that most Western ears consider out of tune.

There was great keyboarding and slide guitar throughout, but it took me halfway into the fifth cut to appreciate this. I figure this is because the first cuts weren't nearly as strong as the later ones.

and each song started so simply. Creative synthetic sounds were used for effect, and almost all of them had an acoustic instrument base. This gave an impression of comfortably familiar instruments, but with a slight electronic twist that never let you forget you were listening to an enhanced electronic sound.

The production varied from stark to lush—at times far too lush. For example, production values in the first cut were so vague, it sounded more like mud than an impressionistic masterpiece.

There was a 40-second silence at the start of last song—a gratuitous piece without a name. I felt it was unnecessary, as were the acoustic distortions used in the piece, as well as in "Saltwater" and one other. It made our speakers sound like they had blown. We're used to classical or *Beatles* or Motown production values, with sharp edges and fairly clean sound. (OK, we also went to see *Jim Hendrix* and *The Who*, but Beach House isn't rock.)

So put it this way, Beach House should host another party of mixed sounds to follow on their little gathering of 8 pieces for the debut album. But next time we suggest they don't invite the wanker who muddled up the production on this one, apparently just for fun.

by Poppy Smurf
father of Julie, contributor

The Pipettes

We Are The Pipettes
Memphis Industries

You can tell you're getting old when you realize you started liking girl bands when they were old enough to be your mother and now you're old enough to be their father.

But the fragile-feminine genre, and its flip-side warrior-woman version, just isn't evident in nearly enough measure any more, unless you count the lacquered stuff they hurl at tweens after they conduct focus groups on their hair streaking. Which is why, when my son advised of a new British girl group with a fresh take on the tradition, I was ready and willing.

The Pipettes launch their album by telling us they're "the prettiest girls you've ever met" and smirk their way through a dozen or so derivations on the standard repertoire arising from the vulnerable and vicious phases of wondrous and wasted relationships. The production has a pre-computer feel, which for many of this newspaper's readers will be lost as a virtue, but bears noting in this age of the digitally-driven world of music. The threesome borrow from *Phil and Ronnie Spector*, from the Motown and Stax labels, and from every heartbroken, forlorn and betrayed moment of true, true love. "July" is a 21st century take on the rival girl, "Pull Shapes" is a powerful clarion call, and "Dirty Mind" is a witty reminder of the way with words only girls have. One of my favourite albums of 2006.

by Kirk LaPointe
father of Mike, contributor

DECEMBER 12
AMCS LEE
WITH SPECIAL GUEST **mutlu** IN CONCERT
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGH LIFE
COMMODORE BALLROOM

DECEMBER 17
THE LIVING END
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH
COMMODORE BALLROOM

RESERVED SEATING
Sarah Slean
DECEMBER 18
THE STANLEY
INDUSTRIAL ALLIANCE STAGE
(THE STANLEY THEATRE)
RESERVED SEATING
www.SarahSlean.com

JANUARY 15
augustana
with guests
COMMODORE BALLROOM

ALL THAT REMAINS
ON TOUR
with special guests
MISERY SIGNALS
and **HUMAN ANIMAL**
FEBRUARY 6
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE
ALL AGES
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRAPE

JANUARY 18
Emily Haines & THE SOFT SKELETON
SEATED DANCE FLOOR
COMMODORE BALLROOM

SATURDAY JANUARY 20
BLACK LIPS
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH AND RED CAT
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

DECEMBER 12
JOSH RITTER
FEBRUARY 22
VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE
SEATED GENERAL ADMISSION - TICKETS ALSO AT HIGH LIFE

FEBRUARY 28
BOB SCHNEIDER
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGH LIFE
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

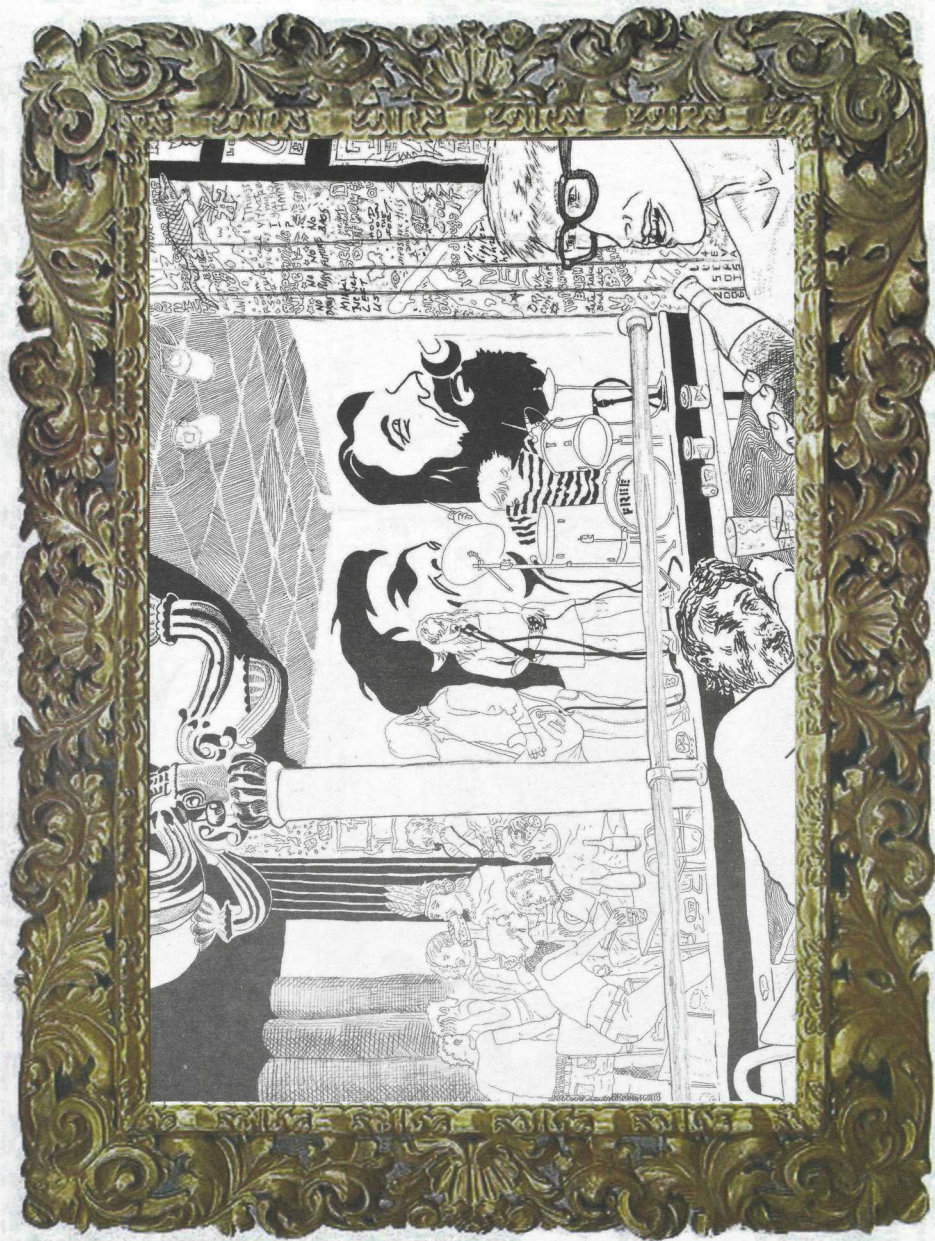
UPCOMING SHOWS

DECEMBER 15 **JARVIS** (Scratch & Red Cat)
DECEMBER 22 **ZAPPA PLAYS ZAPPA** (Seated General Admission)
JANUARY 11 **SNOP DOGS** (Seated General Admission)
JANUARY 12 **EVANESCENCE** (Seated General Admission)
JANUARY 13 **BILLY TALENT** (Seated General Admission)
JANUARY 14 **ERIC CLAPTON** (Seated General Admission)

PURCHASE TICKETS **800008** AT **hob.ca** OR **ticketmaster.ca** 604-280-4444 (ICOM) **2ETU** **hob.ca** **ticketmaster.ca**

JANUARY





DECEMBER

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
3 The Hidden Cameras, Born Ruffians @ <i>Richard's on Richards</i>	4 Wolfmother, Silversun Pickups @ <i>Commodore</i> Weird Weeds, heartwarmongering, Chris-a-rific @ <i>Lampfighter</i> PS - Happy Birthday David Ravensbergen!	5 Jouma Newsom, Bill Callahan (Snapp @ St. Andrew's Wesley Church Xavier Road, Nohh Onakwili @ Orphan theatre <i>Spicy Friends @ The Railway Club</i>	6 Orphans and Dogs @ <i>Railway Club</i>	7 Handsome Family, The Buttless Chaps @ <i>Richard's on Richards</i> Spunk Rock @ <i>Shine</i>	8 Matthew Mei, The Painted Birds, Madison's Panic, Dan Mangan, Tati @ <i>Railway Club</i>	9 Dandi Wind, The Doers, Hot Loina, Fun 100, Cheerleader Camp @ <i>Mount Pleasant Community Centre</i> Eagles of Death Metal @ <i>Commodore</i>
10 ...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead, The Blood Bros. Celebration @ <i>Croatian Cultural Centre</i>	11 Devotchka, My Brightest Diamond @ <i>St James Hall</i>	12 Rock the Bells Tour (Redman, Raekwon, Keith Murray, M.C. Supernatural, DJ Kool) @ <i>Plush Amos Lee, MUTIL @ Commodore</i>	13 The Decembrists @ <i>Commodore</i> Acersmith, Mosley Crue @ <i>GM Place</i>	14 The Decembrists @ <i>Commodore</i> Akron Family, Punurge @ <i>Richard's on Richards</i>	15 They Shoot Horses, Don't They, Fond of Tigers, Winning @ <i>Anza Club</i> Church of Pointless Consumerism (Work Less Party musical extravaganza) @ <i>Cambrin Hall</i>	16 Karnetuk Underground CD Release Party @ <i>Lampfighter</i>
17 You Say Party! We Say Die!, The Doers, Fun 100, Chris-a-rific, mr. phow @ <i>Cebit</i>	18 Sarah Sleam @ <i>Stanley Industrial Alliance Stage</i>	19	20 Mohawk Lodge, Sean Wesley Wood, Hussain Ravingsvee, Organ Trail @ <i>Other Space</i>	21	22	23 The Rebel Spell, Rio Bent, Cobweb Society, Kunkaze Night, The Likely Lads @ <i>Limerick Junction</i>
24	25	26	27 Cornicks game (against Calgary Flames) @ <i>GM Place</i>	28	29 Velo Fusion (cheaper if you come with Critical Mass) @ <i>Anza Club</i> The Deadcats, Seasons of Nightmares, Rio Bent @ <i>Pat's Pub</i>	30
31 The Yoko Castanos @ <i>Railway Club</i>						

The Patricia Hotel, 2006
 Lucas Soi
 "Innocent Blood" runs until December 7th at Snap Contemporary Art Gallery, 190 W 3rd @ Columbia

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
					Carnegie game (against Edmendon Oilers) @ CN Place	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
					James Brown @ Red Robinson Show Theatre	Puppet making workshop @ Blnr James Brown @ Red Robinson Show Theatre
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
				Emily Haines @ Commander Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks @ Richard's	The Black Lips The Pearlys @ Richard's	Snoop Dogg, Ice Cube @ Pacific Coliseum
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
			Sable / Pigeon John @ Richard's	Polynes Fun 100 @ Pasa CMB		
28	29	30	31			

Dog Park, 2006
 Lucas Sol
 "Innocent Blood" runs until December 7th at Snap Contemporary Art Gallery, 190 W 3rd @ Columbia

xiu xiu

ALONE ON THE MIRROR STAGE

by c. turions

PHOTO BY KIRSTIE SHANLEY



XIU XIU PLAYED THE ANZA Club this past November in support of their new album, *The Air Force*. In between sips of honey straight from the bottle, front man Jamie Stewart told me the following things sitting cross-legged on the counter of a basement washroom. His presence so close to mine was a charming affair. He was exceedingly polite, not at all the broken prick he can make himself out to be on this latest album. Getting right to the point, I asked him about the terrible

desires on display in his songwriting, and their effect on his ethics.

"Oh fuck. I've definitely been thinking about that. It's funny that you should ask because that is largely what *The Air Force* is about. I've certainly not been the best person, assuming a lot of things were clear when I knew in my heart that they weren't, but I needed to justify doing what I was wanting to do...not being considerate in any way whatsoever to some people's feelings. I absolutely promised myself not to proceed down that path again. Now, I am so fucking lonely."

The Air Force is an album rife with solitude. Stewart speaks its name often enough, but loneliness is also there, woven between simple words with sinister meanings. The embarrassed child that I have seen again my skin with pimples in "Buzz Saw" is admittance of another's untouchable beauty. On "Save Me Save Me," I am reminded of the painful struggle for acceptance in witnessing another's self-loathing. These coaxed remembrances are, as Xiu Xiu's music tends to be, horrific. Familiar with the sound that they have made over the course of five full-lengths, this newest album follows suit—there are still electronic sounds that make the listener physically uncomfortable. Stewart draws blood with his screams, and dissonant bells ring in the background. The introduction of Caralee McElroy's delicate lead vocals in "Hello from Eau Claire," and the nearly pop sensibility of "Boy Soprano" make very convincing decoys to the darkness. I feel guilty when I listen to the easily enjoyable sound of these songs, when the feelings are terrifying and sad in a too familiar way. On their recent *Tu Mi Piaci* EP, I feel that same discomfort when I listen to Xiu Xiu's cover of The Pussycat Dolls' "Don't Cha." Where the original sounds like fun, the cover makes me feel dirty. Very, very dirty. Considering that Stewart has repeatedly stated his avoidance of fiction in his songwriting, I questioned his motivation.

"I just really like that song. There is this dance music station in Oakland that is really good (it is the only unshitty thing about Oakland), and the first mix of it I heard was a different mix than is on the record. It's a really dance-oriented mix, and it sounds like an old house song. And I'm like, 'Oh my god, how did I never hear this song before?' Then I realized, after I had heard it for six months and really liked it, that it was actually just this totally fake, manufactured, major label bullshit Spice Girls group. I'm like, 'Oh my god. How did this happen?' I was so confused. Then I heard the regular record mix, which is really dumb and not anywhere as good as the house mix. But I still really enjoy it. I think partially, what I was saying before, I was just in a really sleazy mode, really, really sleazy mode, and I was interested in that song a lot. It totally just made sense. I mean, I could relate to it half the time. Now I don't think I could, but when I recorded it, I was like, 'Wow, I am absolutely doing this right now. That's really shitty. But I'm still doing it and I don't care. I'm not that bothered by how bad I am being.'"

Much of *The Air Force* feels like rumination with the critical eye gazing back on itself, and as it is for most of us, this scrutiny decides failure. Stewart's voice admits confusion and a desire for circumstances to be other than they are. With every album Xiu Xiu releases, the listener must come to terms with uncompromising, heartbreaking honesty, and it's an uncomfortable process. Stewart sings, "Love begins and love ends," but I question if he actually suffers from the delusion that love lasts forever.

"No, I don't believe that. I mean, I'd like to, I haven't been in love for a couple of years, and the last one really took it out of me. But if I ever fall in love again I'm sure that will all go out the window. It depends on if I continue on in my own state of being-in-love-ness

as to whether or not I believe love can last. Objectively, love changes, but I don't think that it ever exists forever. I guess for a lot of people what changes love is cohabiting, depending on each other and loving each other."

The collective eye of Xiu Xiu has a lot of material to gaze back on from this North American tour, as the band members have engaged in multiple acts of documentation. They are said to be making a documentary from collected tour footage. There has been an open invitation for fans to bring Polaroid film to shows, whereby the film will be mailed back to them, exposed with images of Xiu Xiu and friends. Members of the band—Stewart, McElroy, Ches Smith and tour manager David Horowitz—have kept a blog of the journey, complete with

photographic evidence detailing, among many other things, their rearrangement of a large theatre sign to read "GEORGE W IS HIV TO AMERICA". Yeah. There is something wrong with America and it has something to do with George W. According to Stewart, the print of a weeping Jesus Christ on the cover of *The Air Force* is a comment against the right-wing usurpation of Christianity as a tool for the justification of killing people in Iraq and Afghanistan, among other places. Stewart is interested in reconfiguring that manipulation.

"I consider myself to be Christian. I'm religious and I grew up Christian and my orientation toward religion is based in Christianity. But I think that hardcore Christians would probably not necessarily think that I am. So yes, I believe in god and it is a big part of my life but I don't think that you have to be religious or believe in god at all to have some positive connection to the universe or other people. I don't think that if you're not religious you're going to hell, or anything like that."

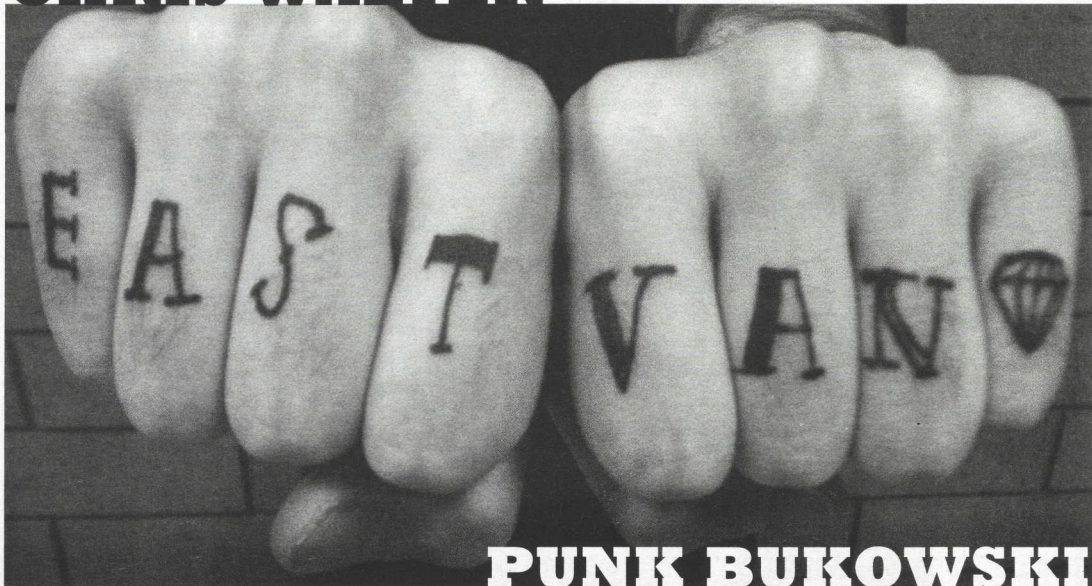
When I consider belief in god, I cannot fathom it without the notion of surrender. Xiu Xiu's music seems to make a similar demand upon the listener. There are what appear to be empty spaces. Belief in god or faith in the music fills those empty spaces with abundance. Xiu Xiu is particularly adept at the use of silence as a musical tool. The opening note of *Fabulous Muscles* is followed by six seconds of bated breath. Closing *The Air Force*, "The Wig Master" leaves you all alone for twelve seconds, when the song has barely just begun. I asked Stewart if he sees parallels between silence and surrender as a musician.

"Silence is an aspect of music that is really interesting to me, and that is a really beautiful way of flipping it around. I had never considered it like that, but I probably should. I'm always a little bit wary of being too analytical of music generally, but that is an incredibly interesting notion to consider, silence and surrender. It can also be the opposite of that—it can be causing other things to surrender. I guess it depends on where you are coming from with it."

Twice in a 24-hour period the awkward silence of "Wig Master" made me weep. It had nothing to do with Xiu Xiu proper, other than that somehow, the CD in my player was connected to them. But there I was, having a very real emotional experience in response to a silence that someone else had orchestrated.

"I think that's what... I don't know how to say this right. I think that is what we are hoping for. We don't want an audience to make any associations to us personally when they are listening. We want them to make their own connections. Hopefully we are writing about real experiences and that allows people to have some connection with it, and not that it has anything to do with us at all."

CHRIS WALTER



PUNK BUKOWSKI

by Allan MacInnis
PHOTO BY ALANNA SCOTT

VANCOUVER PUNK, NOVELIST, AND RECOVERING ADDICT CHRIS WALTER HAS PUBLISHED ELEVEN BOOKS TO DATE, MOST OF THEM ON HIS OWN IMPRINT, THE DELIGHTFULLY-NAMED GOFUCKYERSELF PRESS (WWW.PUNKBOOKS.COM). I'M A RECENT CONVERT TO HIS WRITING: IT'S DIRECT, FUNNY, SHARPLY OBSERVED, AND FILLED WITH MEMORABLE CHARACTERS AND TRUE-TO-LIFE SITUATIONS. HIS NOVELS ALSO CONTAIN MORE THAN THEIR SHARE OF GRIMNESS, SINCE HIS CHARACTERS, THOUGH COMPASSIONATELY DRAWN, ARE OFTEN CRACKHEADS AND JUNKIES AND HOOKERS, A VAST PANORAMA OF THE DEFEATED, DOWNTRODDEN, AND PISSED-OFF, STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE IN THE BLEAK SURROUNDS OF THE DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE. I INTERVIEWED CHRIS BY EMAIL SHORTLY AFTER THE BOOK LAUNCH FOR HIS NEWEST NOVEL, WELFARE WEDNESDAYS.



Discorder: It took me a long time to get around to actually reading one of your books, and I've met other people who say the same thing—they've seen you at gigs, they've picked up your books at stores, and they just haven't gotten around to you yet.

Chris: The words "self-published" are enough to put most people off. They assume that if a writer isn't good enough to find a publisher then his/her work is better left unread. Mostly, they're right. At first, I played the game but after getting two books dropped at the last minute, I decided to go it alone. It seemed that I was spending as much time trying to get published as I was writing. I gave up and that was when a publisher approached me about *Punk Rules OK*. When that book was finally published a year and a half later I realized that, other than give me a phony air of respectability, there

was nothing a small press could do for me that I couldn't do myself. I like having complete control over the finished product, too.

Is it working out? I mean, is Gofuckyerself prospering, or is it still a struggle with an uncertain future that you're keeping alive with your own blood, sweat, and money?

GFY Press is sustainable but at a marginal level. It's a tight squeeze to get the bills and the rent paid, and I wouldn't wish this life on a welfare recipient. That said, GFY has never operated in the red, and business is growing at a steady rate. Things are not as grim as they were a year ago. The print runs grow with each new book, and we continue to re-edit the old titles as we re-print. Many of those titles are on third or fourth runs and we have increased the numbers as well. *I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk* still sells well even though it has been out for several years. *East Van* and *Boozecon* continue to sell at a steady rate, and *Mosquitoes & Whisky* and *Kaboom* are the sleepers in the bunch.

The DIY spirit of it is pretty cool. Is it a venture you'd recommend to others?

Anyone can do this, provided they are willing to invest fourteen-hour days including weekends. If I had known how much work this was going to be, I probably never would have started.

What's your distribution like?

I sell the books at fourteen or fifteen locations in Vancouver, but I only have one or two stores in each city across Canada. I still run into a lot of snobbery and that's why I named my publishing company what I did.

When did you start writing?

I started writing in '98 when I was convinced that I wouldn't live much longer. I was shooting a lot of coke and OD'd on heroin twice that year. It seemed that my whole life had been a waste and I felt a need to do something for it. I wrote *Beer* in pencil on irregular cardboard that my girlfriend stole from work. My mom in Winnipeg typed it up and sent it back. My girlfriend printed it one-sided on 8.5 X 11 paper and we bound them with ring coil. Even this meagre book was very difficult to make under the circumstances. I sold the first copy (excluding friends) to a skater kid at China Creek. The book was very simple but I liked the way it turned out. Since I was still alive, I wrote another book that didn't turn out, and then I wrote *Punk Rules OK* which was published by Burn Books in 2002. My girlfriend bought me a hot laptop for \$100 but I used it for collateral with my dope dealer most of the time. Then, in January 2000, the shit hit the fan and I found myself homeless, shooting dope in a hotel room on the DTES. I went to detox and then to a recovery house where I stayed for five months before moving back with my girlfriend and our newborn baby. I was very scary at first because we were new parents: I was afraid I might relapse and we were broke. We got past that but we still live in the same two-bedroom apartment in East Van. Still, I'm very grateful to know that I do and I wouldn't trade it for anything.

I'm curious if you've read Hubert Selby Jr. or if you have other writers you like...

I'm embarrassed to admit that I've never read *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. I've always meant to but still haven't found time. Bukowski has always been a huge influence, and Irvine Welsh came later. They spoke

Have any highbrow literary reviews taken notice of your work?

I operate in a vacuum and only my fans know I exist. Occasionally I get a review in a music magazine (such as *Disorder*), but newspapers and weeklies such as the *Georgia Straight* completely ignore me. I'm used to it. Fuck 'em.

I don't know if the theme of getting clean runs through more than one of your books—it's pretty important to *East Van*. I assume that a lot of what DMI feels and experiences is based on your own life. Was NA useful?

The characters in *East Van*, like all my other books, are composites of people I know or have known. I'll have been clean for six years on January 14th. I still attend my weekly NA meeting, but I'm not sure if I really "get" the program. I have a problem with the "Higher Power" concept. It seems too simplistic to believe that faith will keep me clean. I need to be honest, humble, and to have respect in order to live a healthy lifestyle. I learned the value of those things from NA, and I like the support as well. I'd rather write and be with my family than use puddle water to shoot drugs behind dumpsters, but crazily, the idea still holds a dark attraction. I'll always be an addict and I can't afford to forget that.

Do you have a following on the Downtown Eastside?

I don't really know how much of a fan base I have on the DTES, only that my books instantly disappear from the Carnegie Library whenever I don't them. DERA (Downtown Eastside Resident's Association) has helped me but I haven't returned the favour. I've been toying with the idea of reading at Carnegie Library for years but haven't gotten around to it. More than a few people have told me that I'm an inspiration, but that always sounds so weird. Me, an inspiration? I'm just a grouchy old dude who writes books.

Probably a lot of *Disorder* readers are coming from a more affluent, comfortable background and stay clear of the DTES. What should people be doing to help with life there?

Hell, I avoid the DTES mostly. I go to punk shows there once in a while and I like the banana cream pie at the Ovaltine Cafe, but unless you're working there or you use drugs, there isn't a good reason to hang around. I was on East Hastings today and I saw syringe caps in the grass that had been there for a long time orange colour was almost white. No one wants to pick that shit up. I saw sharps disposals in the alleys and piles of human excrement in doorways. I saw people who are NOT HAVING FUN. The province and the city should make welfare easier to get and they should raise the rates. They must realize that the homeless cost them more than welfare does, so why do they continue to wage war on the poor? Not only have they made welfare almost impossible to collect but they are systematically destroying places for the homeless to sleep. From the boulders under the ledge of the Georgia Viaduct to the fences under bridges, they are making life tougher for those who need the most help. This makes me very angry.

Do you have any problems with the idea of reasonably comfortable people, who don't have the problems that people in the DTES face, consuming your books in a sort of voyeuristic way?

I don't have a problem with "reasonably comfortable people who consume my books in a voyeuristic sort of way" because it is an op-

They're quite scary books at times, though, quite intense.

I hope my books scare people. I want them to see that if we don't open our eyes, this problem is only going to get worse. Also, junkies are just plain old more fun to write about than normal people.

What's the deal about a Telefilm deal with *Boozecon*? Any directors or actors that you're interested in working with or who have approached you?

I have signed movie options for *Punk Rules OK* and *Boozecon*. *Punk Rules OK* has already received development money from Telefilm but they haven't finished the screenplay. An industry guy in Toronto named Mark Sanders and I have already written the screenplay for *Boozecon* but we're still waiting to see if Telefilm will fund the movie. These projects have been crawling forward at a snail's pace for more than a year, but pretty much anything could snuff them out. I really like the screenplay for *Boozecon* so it'd be cool if it actually was made. I'm not very knowledgeable about the Canadian movie industry but I guess I'll keep learning as these things move along. I've already learned that everything takes forever.

Any other projects on the go?

The next GFY book, *Shouts from the Gutter*, which is a collection of short stories from 1998 to 2006, will be out in May. After that, I'll do another novel called *Rock & Roll Heart*. Say, do you think this story will help my sales at the UBC Bookstore? **D**

"I'd rather write and be with my family than use puddle water to shoot drugs behind dumpsters, but crazily, the idea still holds a dark attraction."

to me and they were real. I dislike pretentious literary bullshit and want nothing to do with awards, contests, writer's committees, or even with other writers. I'm a high school dropout and I don't have anything in common with them. I wish there were more writers who didn't come from privileged backgrounds. We need more writers from the streets and the alleys.

portunity for me to show them something most of them haven't seen before. Perhaps I can shed a little light onto the subject of addiction and people won't hate addicts so unreasonably. There is a story behind every junkie and some of those stories would break your fucking heart. I just want to portray addicts as real people, not as zombies who would stab your mom for a fix.

SHINDIG

by Chris-a-riffic

2006!

STUPID JOANNA NEWSOM. SHE PLAYS IN TOWN! at St. Andrew's-Wesley Church on December 5th. When do you suppose the Shindig finals are? Crap. I say this not so much for the audience, who will be torn in their choice of one show over the other, but more for the poor finalists. At press time, **The Choir Practice** and **The Organ Trail** are your 2006 Shindig finalists, and more than half of them have tickets to the Newsom. I have tickets (and I'm going to wear a suit for the first time in a decade! Don't ask me why), and host Ben Lai probably has tickets. But I must say that regardless of the interference of the world's loveliest harpist, I am quite excited for these finals. Whoever comes out the

while. In the end, though, they lost out to pop outfit **Jump + Dash**.

One of the more intriguing aspects of Shindig 2006 thus far has been the use of spectacle, with a couple groups in particular putting on quite a performance. Two such bands were **Car 67** and **The Huge Manatease**. Car 67, who I've seen before, competed against **The Bloggers** and Victoria, Victoria. They walked out on stage in police and nurse costumes, and featured bewildered CTR DJ Gavin Walker playing an inspiring saxophone solo. They eventually lost out to Victoria, Victoria, but just barely. The scores were completely tied, but VV had more first place points than the male/female duo. (And just a note about the Bloggers, who I failed to see. Four different people have come up to me, praising the Bloggers' snotty garage rock and chastising me for going to the **Love is All** show at Pat's Pub instead. I urge you to see the Bloggers. Their MySpace songs sound pretty good.) Aiming for a cult member aesthetic, the Huge Manatease were a sight as well, although they looked more like wonderfully styled hippies to me. Their stream of consciousness songs about getting hand cancer and sasquatches were fun and the whole crowd quite enjoyed it. Fond of Tigers beat them on night nine.

One of the bands I was intent on seeing, after hearing a lot about them, was the young rock band known as **The Penguins**. A few years ago, they were interviewed by Narwhal, and they looked like they were barely in their teens. They're still really young, but they're pretty talented kids. After hearing them play an **Alter Bridge** cover and generally laying out some nice radio rock riffs, I was thinking of how good a band they could be if they would just broaden their listening horizons a little. They had to wait outside the doors of the Railway Club to hear that Jump + Dash beat them by a single point.

For future bands entering Shindig, I would like to make a suggestion. This year everyone sent their demo in CD form, except for one—that band was a shoo-in to play Shindig. The female blues duo, **The Pack**, was the only group to send us a tape, and we lapped it up. They got in and took it from there with their traditional approach to the blues form. I was floored by how true to the blues they were for such a young group. They got to the semi-finals.

One of my favourite performances was by **Terrorbird**, a female soloist who competed in Shindig a couple years back as part of the all-female four-piece **Automatic Fancy**. Her songs were really dark and compelling. She lost in the first round, but it was a great effort. Also losing in the first round was the two-piece **It's a Living Thing**. Their songs take a while to appreciate, but they really have some nicely polished tunes. **Lower Lower Lower** beat them in round one, but sadly broke up days later after their victory. This gave **It's a Living Thing** some momentum into semi-finals #1, where they faced Vancouver transplant **D. Trevlon** and heavy favourites, **The Choir Practice**. It's a **Living Thing's** semi-final performance was so good—people danced, and no one ever does that at Shindig. The Choir Practice eventually won that round, but there were some rumblings that **It's a Living Thing** played good enough to get to the finals.

Ah, yes. The finals. This will be interesting. Our first confirmed finalists are the one guitar, many-voice onslaught of the Choir Practice. I saw them before Shindig and really liked them. Their songs are so darn catchy, their harmonies are so wonderful and their similar attire is pleasing to the eyes. The Organ Trail won the second semi-finals. I find them the oddest of all the bands for some reason. They sound like bluegrass, Appalachian folk music and indie rock all mixed together. They just added a secret weapon in the form of a pedal steel guitar player, and it really complements their sound. The winner of the third semi-finals has yet to be named, but it's a toss between **Better Friends than Lovers**, **Fond of Tigers**, and Victoria, Victoria. And if you can drag yourself away from church, the finals promise to be one hell of an entertaining show. **D**



The Choir Practice
PHOTO BY WALKER

winner of the third semi-finals on November 28th, whether it be the technical, rhythmic assault of **Fond of Tigers**, the pop bombast of **Better Friends than Lovers** or the songwriting prowess of **Victoria**. (If we can find them), this will be a wonderful showcase of very different styles and sounds.

The bands this year were all unique, and a lot of them were very off-putting. I loved them for that. The band that fit that description especially well were night five competitors, **Two Apple Tobacco**. They drove me as far as I could go upon hearing them for the first time. That's usually a good thing for me. If it takes a while to appreciate a band's sound, it's been proven that I will like them better in the long run. They sounded like a cross between **The Molestics** and **Les Georges Leinograd**. They put quite an emphasis on the sounds of ragtime and old tunes of yore, and then they beat on it for a good

THE WINKS' BIRTHDAY PARTY TOUR



by Adrian, Tyr & Todd

WE PLAYED EIGHTEEN SHOWS in seventeen days—go figure. We played at punk bars, record stores, anarchist book stores, house parties, university cafeterias, jazz clubs and art spaces. We shared the stage with top 40 bar-bands, pre-teen grungers, post-punk artschool kids, Christian rockers, and Quebecons fusion artists. We added ten thousand kilometers to the purple minivan.

VANCOUVER

Tyr: Touring across Canada has been described by many bands I've spoken to in the last few years as useless and boring. But after spending the last few months selling all our furniture and throwing away all our possessions, it came as a perfect way to unwind and have an adventure with friends.

Todd: I spent the night before our farewell show putting up posters on Main Street until 3am instead of packing. I've had so much bad luck putting on shows in Vancouver in the past so I went all out. It was so worth it—I hugged more people at the show than ever before.

Tyr: It hadn't really hit me as much as it hit everyone else that we were never coming back to Vancouver. I was so excited to leave that I wasn't at all sad but more freaked out at how much I needed to do before we hit the road in 5 hours. I had a line up of people after we played waiting for hugs.

BANFF

After playing for three hours to a single table of fans in a semi-empty bar, a bunch of German ski bums came into the bar. Adrian invited them up during an improvised song and they pounded the drums for an extended version of the Prince of Wales song. "Questions for Chris-a-riff".

JERF'S HOUSE

We had the next night off in Edmonton so we gave our friend Jerf a private show in his living room all night. He taught Todd how to shotgun a beer.

EDMONTON AND LETHBRIDGE

The next day we played in the cafeteria at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. It's hard to get people to listen while they eat their lunch. After listening to Busy Bee in the car, Todd told Tim and Adrian to play some hip hop jams while shouting to the audience to "put their hands in the air if they like sex". No one put their hands up, so he asked if

they "like pencils" instead; one guy at the back reluctantly raised his hand. We drove 7 hours to Lethbridge but no one was there, so Tim and Adrian played a free jazz set.

CALGARY

Todd: Calgary is the dance capital of Canada.

Adrian: When we got there, they had already blown up balloons and were wearing birthday hats and masks. The lights went down as the film *The Party* played behind us on a screen. Can-can dancing, moshing, confetti and crowd surfing. Boys kissing boys. A piñata was beaten to death mid-show.

The next day we went to the wave pool and had a basketball game in the waves. Todd+Tyr beat Tim+Adrian by one point. Then off to Tubby Dog for lunch, where we ate ginger and wasabi hot dogs and watched *Degrassi Junior High*. Tim left his underwear at home so we went into a gay fetish store to buy him a fresh pair. They made Tim take a catalogue full of porn, which somehow made it all the way to Saskatoon with us. Our second Calgary show had an audience of about 5 that danced with us for 3 hours after the show was over.

MEDICINE HAT

In Medicine Hat we played in the antler room at the Moose Lodge. Todd broke his toe rocking out on stage for the hundreds of preteens.



Afterwards, kids came up to us and said, "That was the best show I've ever seen" or "Thank you so much for coming here, we don't get anything like this in Medicine Hat!"

SASKATOON

Tyr: The Bassment in Saskatoon has really good floors for tap dancing.

THUNDER BAY

Adrian: Thunder Bay was a hoot. We played a place called the Apollo, which is run by two Greek women: a mother and a daughter. They cooked us a big meal of chicken fingers and fries. Afterwards, they put us up in rooms above the bar. Amongst the dozens of empty rooms, there was a foot massager, a pool table, a kitchen and even a

black bear rug. Tyr thought the place was haunted. I definitely felt a ghostly presence, so I danced with the bear rug to calm my band mates.

WATERLOO

House shows are always so much fun. Our host Jeff Woods set up a canopy of balloons (that got ripped down during "Guitar Swing"), gave us fireworks and mystified/digusted us by magically pulling thread through his neck. His house had a bunch of theme rooms (plant room, pirate room, fish tank room) with speakers broadcasting the concert going on in the living room.

That night we slept where we played, covered in confetti, balloons and streamers.

TORONTO

Todd: People in Toronto were really happy that I still drank my gin and tonic even though there was a handful of confetti in it.

HAMILTON

Tyr: In Hamilton we played this bar full of teenagers and women who had been recently released from jail. I know this because I overheard two women talking in the bathroom about how they needed to avoid starting a fight, since they had just got out of prison. The problem, apparently, was that they wanted to punch this guy in the face because he kept pulling it out, but they decided that they should just get the hell out of there since they didn't want to go back to jail.

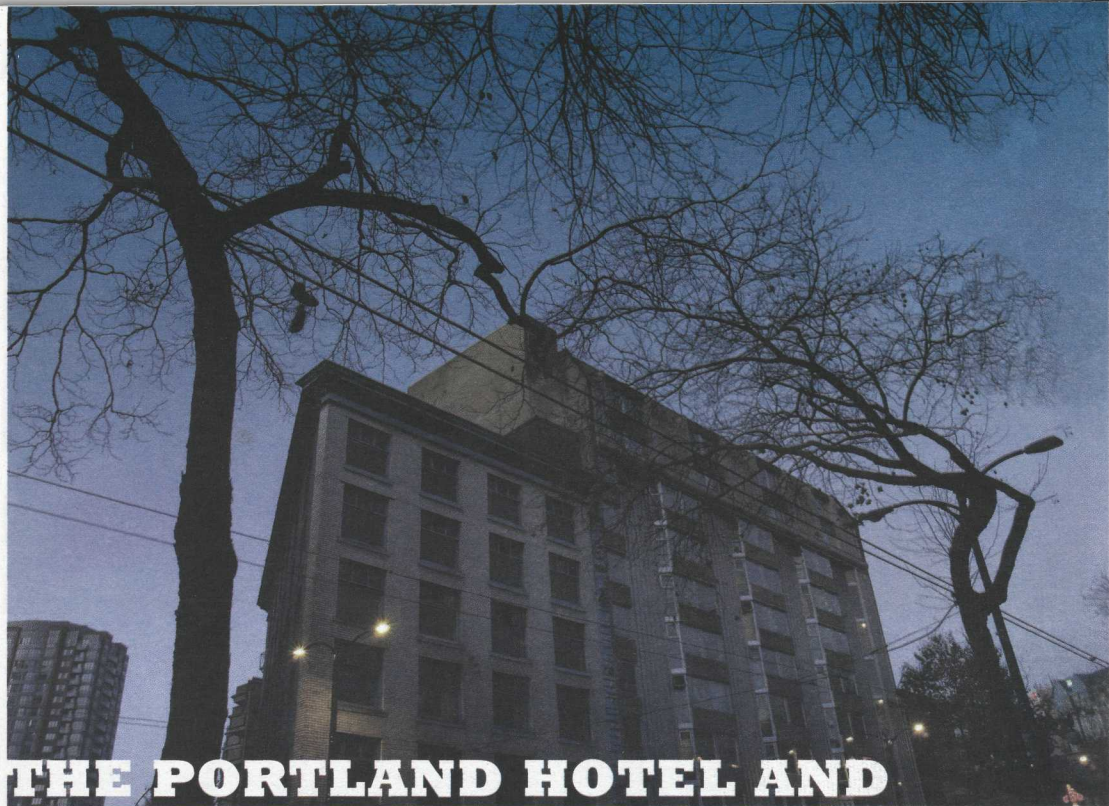
MONTREAL

Tyr: When we arrived in Montreal there was a taxidermy art show where we were supposed to be staying.

Adrian: The final show...new and old friends in submission. I actually tried to break the skin like puncturing an eardrum: I was so excited, and I couldn't decide whether to launch the stick into the crowd or hug my band mates instead. Tim blew up the big firework we got from the magician's house and then off he went, our flying sax-playing Dutchman, driving the rental van back to Vancouver. The band was now 3, and at 9:30am the next morning I said goodbye to Todd and Tyr, and left with just a backpack for Quebec City.

Currently, Tyr & Todd reside in Montreal with new Winks members on drums, violin and keyboards. *Birthday Party* was released on Ache Records on November 14th and a new EP is already in the works.

For more tour photos and video visit www.thewinks.com



THE PORTLAND HOTEL AND THE BLACK CROW PROJECT

by Allan MacInnis

PHOTOS BY LAURA RUSSELL

VISITORS TO VANCOUVER MIGHT GET the impression that Vancouverites are a cold and uncaring bunch. Addicted, mentally ill, and obviously miserable people—also Vancouverites—are to be found everywhere, begging on the street and sleeping in doorways, while more than a few of their warmly-dressed “superiors” brush by them, pretending not to see, seeming more defensive than compassionate. Montreal’s Efrim Menuck was wont to comment from the stage, when A Silver Mt. Zion played here last, that the level of poverty on display in our city was “shocking”. As an ESL teacher, I’ve had a student ask me, with genuine confusion in her voice, “Don’t people here care?” It’s an embarrassing question and hard to answer without sounding like I’m making excuses. I’m grateful that there are organizations like the Portland Hotel Society that I can point to at such times, to illustrate that, in fact, some Vancouverites *do* care, and are organizing to make a positive difference in the lives of our least fortunate.

The Portland Hotel Society, founded in 1991, is the name given to an organization that manages a number of buildings and projects in the Downtown Eastside, providing inexpensive social housing for the “hardest of the hard to house” in our city; they also help with the DTES Life Skills Centre and the neighbourhood’s safe injection site. The PHS has won the support of many East Vancouverites, including an unusually high percentage of artists and musicians. One of these is Brian “Wimpy Roy” Goble, onetime DOA bassist and founding member of the seminal Vancouver punk band the Subhumans. Brian has worked in home support for the Portland Hotel Society for six years.

“The PHS has an incredibly high tolerance for people who would be out on the street normally,” Goble tells me by phone. “We house them and clean up after them if we have to, and try to get them hooked up with medical services and things like that. The home support workers go right into their rooms, you know. Some of them are in pretty rough shape.” Along with occasional assaults, infected needles are a reality that home support staff have to face, making this a job that requires some degree of commitment, compassion, and caution, and, as Brian affirms, has a high burnout rate.

Goble's new song, "People of the Plague," on the Subhumans' *New Dark Age Parade*, is a pointed look at the problem of homelessness. As Brian admits, it's "a bit tongue-in-cheek." He refers to our homeless as akin to zombies staggering off a theatre screen, "coming to a neighbourhood near you / the mutated creatures of the problems we didn't face." Goble considers the banded Gerry Hannah's song, "World at War", a more serious treatment of the issue, though he sticks by his lyrics: Humour has often been a hallmark of Goble's songwriting, and there is no question as to whose side he is on.

One of the senior staff at the PHS, Tanya Fader, is well aware of Brian's stature in the Vancouver punk scene; she smiles when I ask what working with Goble is like. "Brian's Brian! He's a nice guy, he's a hard worker, and he does it without saying very much. He's not Mr. Punk Rocker while he's at work!" Fader is currently the Program Director for the PHS Supported Independent Living Program, funded in partnership with the Health Board and BC Housing. A new program, SIL, was designed last spring by Fader and others at the Portland to help people in recovery "get on their feet and feel safe," as they make the transition from the structured and supported environment of recovery homes to living in the community. Supported Independent Living staff provide "support outreach for eighteen months, doing weekly visits to clients' apartments, trying to help them get back to work, back to school," and helping them make connections outside the drug-using and recovery communities. "It's something there hasn't traditionally been much of. Usually people have been in a recovery home, that's great, you did awesome, you finished our program, and you go—and your life is exactly the same as when you went in, except that you've been recovered for a few months." Meeting the needs of those in recovery, and helping people on the path to recovery, is an important part of the Portland Hotel Society's strategy, though they don't try to pressure anyone to quit using; it rarely, if ever, works.

Supported Independent Living is just one program of the many that the PHS manage. Their main agenda is providing stable housing for people, at whatever point a person is at their lives. "Whether they're using drugs, mentally ill, HIV positive or living with AIDS, or in recovery, it's meeting them where they're at and trying to create a sense of safety and stability, this would be impossible without stable housing." Tenancy in PHS buildings is based as much as possible on need; people who have been evicted from everywhere else can still find a home at the Portland, where there is no eviction policy. "Sometimes that means if somebody's violent, we have to press charges," Fader says matter-of-factly. "It's not like there's no consequences to that behaviour, but it's their home. They're given a chance to come back and try again."

The list of other local musicians who have worked at the PHS or its related projects is huge, including Matt and Kevin from Blood Meridian, Gabe Mantle of Gob, and members of the Gay and the Bughouse Five. Tanya can't begin to do justice to the list, which also includes poets, writers, painters, and filmmakers. "I think when people lead a creative lifestyle themselves, they understand what it's like to be outside of normal society a bit. You feel like a bit of a freak yourself, right, so it's not really that big a step to say, 'Hey, you know...' None of us are really that different from one another; it doesn't matter what your walk of life is. I think that artistic people sometimes see that a little more easily."

Artists can tend to be an idealistic lot and working at the Portland can be a crash-course in realism. "You have to accept the fact that you can't actually save people. You can help them, in whatever way that means—whether it's making sure they eat that day, or take their medication that day, or that week or that month or that year, or making sure they get the medical care that they need, or the mental health care that they need. But you can't decide for people how their lives are going to go and what decisions they're going to make. You can do your best to decrease the harm that society does to them and that they may do to themselves, but at the end of the day, you can't save people. You have to let go of that."

Despite the darker side of the job, dealing with the fact that we live in a society that simply discards certain people, Tanya emphasizes that it's very rewarding work. "You get a lot of love back, and you have your days when people are just so grateful for what you do for them. Sometimes just making somebody laugh or smile during the day can be a huge thing, and gaining their trust is a huge thing as well. All of those things are very rewarding. I think that's why we all keep doing it, and because we know it's the right thing to look after people and to help them where they're at."

Another local artist who has been a long-time supporter of the PHS is painter Richard Tetrault. A Strathcona resident, Tetrault taught drawing classes at the Carnegie Centre. He also worked on some of the murals in the Downtown Eastside, in collaboration with members of the Portland Hotel Society, and had a show, *Visualizing the Downtown Eastside*, at the Inter-Urban art gallery. The Inter-Urban is one of the projects the Portland Hotel Society oversees. "The PHS have got pretty good insight into the workings of the Downtown Eastside, obviously," Tetrault says. "They're out there fighting a lot of these issues on the street level, and I have a lot of respect for them. It takes people on the ground level to really be able to make the decisions that are going to be effective in the long run. Our government doesn't really have their finger on the pulse in the same way." Tetrault's work can be viewed at www.richard-tetrault.ca.

Local musician Katie Ormiston—lead singer and songwriter for the band Pawnshop Diamond, also felt a strong desire to support the PHS from the moment she heard about them, when Tanya Fader gave an information session at Ormiston's workplace. "She spoke about the conditions people are living in, the issue of untreated mental illness and the continuing decline of safe, affordable homes. The talk made me think of those familiar faces in my neighbourhood that tip their hat to me, ask for change and still smile back at me so forgivingly when I apologize and keep walking. To be honest, I rarely dip into my pockets for that spare change. It's not that I don't care or don't want to help so much as I feel overwhelmed by their need and fear my money going to something that is destructive to them."

Katie was also reminded, of her own family: her brother's mental illness had "a powerful impact" on her childhood and adolescence. "Watching him struggle through what must have been such a scary and uncontrollable process was difficult. He was my big brother, the guy who bought me Pink Floyd tapes for Christmas and made me watch hockey all the time. I thought he was so cool. Then, one day, I was in the hospital while he was committing himself. We were in the waiting room and I looked around and saw people sliding away from him nervously. In fact, a nurse came and took the two of us to a tiny, white room to wait. It was obvious to me he was being hidden from the public and that made me so sad. He was still my brother and he was still cool. He just couldn't fit into our society's idea of how we should be. Even treated, he couldn't keep a day job and therefore he couldn't pay for his living needs or prescription drugs without assistance from his community. When I moved to East Vancouver from Victoria and I started coming face to face with the homeless on the

"It takes people on the ground level to really be able to make the decisions that are going to be effective in the long run. Our government doesn't really have their finger on the pulse in the same way."



streets, I recognized my brother's struggle in some of their eyes. These are good people in desperate situations. They need their community to support them through hard times and to help them find their place among us."

Ormiston, along with fellow Pawnshop Diamond member Nina Fleming and local songwriter Jessie Turner, began organizing the Black Crow Project as a constructive way of spreading awareness about the Portland Hotel Society and raising funds for them. The project involves both a CD and a benefit concert. Held on November 27th, it featured a silent auction for original works of Tetrault's, Black Crow Project cover artist Arland Wood and others, and performances by a host of local musicians, including Pawnshop Diamond, the Blue Island Trio, Jess Hill, ParLOUR Steps, and Sarah MacDougall. All these artists will appear on the CD, and 100% of the proceeds will go to the PHS; it also features a spoken word piece from C.R. Avery and songs by Corbin Murdoch, Veda Hill, and PoGirl. The songs are mostly dark, folk, alt-rock/country numbers, connected by the presence of crows. Katie explains that, like crows, the homeless "share this community with us. We see them everyday and yet don't see them. They go unnoticed and unnoticed but at the same time affect our lives. We are just too scared and uncomfortable to take the time to acknowledge it.

Another connection with the crows is how at the end of the day they come together to fly home. Oddly enough, there was an article on the front page of the Vancouver Sun recently talking about how the crows will soon be homeless as their roost is being destroyed by a Costco and Tim Hortons. How ironic and sad."

Though the tone of several songs on the CD is somewhat somber, there is humour and joy too, provided in part by East Van resident Mark Berube. Berube lives north of Hastings—"right in the hood," he chuckles. A long term veteran of fundraisers, he also played at the benefit, and contributed the song "Third Storey Window", written specifically for the CD after Katie suggested the crow theme to him. "Crows can be quite dark, symbolically, so I wanted to try something a little different. The song is about a bunch of crows that are being voyeurs, looking at a couple having sex in the bedroom. It's kinda like the idea that crows are nature's paparazzi."

I asked Berube if he thought that there was in fact a stronger sense of community in East Van than in other parts of Vancouver. "I think, yeah. It has a lot to do with the income. You go to Shaughnessy and it's all these little fortresses, so it comes down to plain geography and physical features in your neighbourhood: big walls, big shrubs, the idea of really trying to be isolated." East Vancouver is a very different matter. "I ride my bike to work every day, and I see the sex trade workers on the street, the same ones, and you say good morning and they say good morning. It's this very surreal sort of community at times, but it really makes sense. You can't avoid it here."

I was able to interview one Portland Hotel Society resident who has lived in the Downtown Eastside all her life. Molly, a young part First Nations woman of Italian, Irish, Apache, and a monkey (she giggles) works as a hostess at the Inter-Urban Art gallery, greeting people and providing some background on the exhibits. Now 26, Molly had originally lived with her mother in an apartment on Main Street. When her maternal grandmother died, Molly tells me, her mother, who had problems with heroin, "had a little bit of a mental breakdown and just kind of lost herself there for awhile. I was a teenager on the street on Granville during that time and that was actually a lot more comforting. It was kind of better than being at home, because there was no one there for awhile." Soon both were evicted from the Main Street location, and Molly's mother took up residence at the first PHS building, where she received the support necessary to get on a methadone program. Molly lived at the VanCity Place for Youth during this time, but in 2000, she and her mother got apartments right across the hall from each other in the new PHS location, and they share with their two cats, Princess and Marley—like Bob Marley, Molly explains. She and her mother keep their doors open so the cats can pass freely between their apartments.

Some tenants of the current PHS complain about the security measures in the new building across from the Army & Navy on Hastings. Unlike the Portland Hotel Society's various renovated projects, it was purpose-built to house difficult tenants, and can seem somewhat restrictive. But compared to the old building, Molly tells me, "The security is way better. I feel much safer now, actually. You have to have ID to come in. There's a videotape in the elevators and they can stop the elevator if the person isn't supposed to come up. It sucks too, sometimes, but that's okay—because I'm a little bit younger than most people here. I guess, so some of my friends are like, 'What! It's so hard to get in!' Tanya had explained to me previously that the city had just voted unanimously to provide the final piece of the funding puzzle for renovating the old building, the old Pennsylvania Hotel, and improve security and the quality of rooms. The renovated building will provide "44 self-contained units with kitchens and bathrooms."

I asked Molly about some of the services available at the new Portland. "There's, like, art workshops and writing workshops, there's gardening, and there's cooking and hairdressing so people keep their hygiene better and stuff. There's a nutritionist who weighs you and keeps track of how your health is, which is really kinda cool." She is somewhat amused when I mention that some readers might find the Downtown Eastside a bit of a scary place, since she's lived there all her life. "The art world part of it is part of why I don't think it's that scary. I guess, like, most galleries in the area try to get community involved in different art things and stuff. I've noticed from working in the art gallery that you see the talents in a lot of people that probably would have been scary, if you'd met them some other way."

I asked Molly about the advice she'd give to more affluent members of Vancouver's social strata who want to feel like they are making a positive difference in the lives of the people they see on the streets. "Just kind of get to know people. Listening is good—listen to people's stories, just kind of sincerely listen and understand people's stories, even if they're not the same as yours."

People wishing to contribute in a more concrete way are encouraged to make cheques payable to the PHS Community Services Society. The address is 20 West Hastings, Vancouver, BC. V6B 1G6—mention the Black Crow Project and/or Disorder. Sponsors will receive charitable tax receipts.

The Black Crow Project CD is available at Red Cat, Highlife, and other local record stores. (www.myspace.com/blackcrowproject)

REAL ~~LIVE~~ ACTION

((RLA))

Photo by Blythe Dresser

ISLANDS SUBTITLE

November 4
UBC SUB Ballroom

"Who the fuck plays the recorder?" The question belongs to Islands' front-man Nick Diamonds, and as it goes out to the crowd in UBC's SUB ballroom, a wicked grin crosses his face. The answer, of course, is his band, and Diamonds is right smitten about it. Cutting across the ghost-white stage makeup, his ruby-red lips curl up at both ends. The lights draw out the lines in his face, and while he looks fresh out of a Batman comic, this Joker is well-intentioned. His eyes flash a youthful enthusiasm; he's genuinely enamoured with 'the music'.

This kind of joyous energy permeates the entire show. Earlier, opener Giovanni "Subtitle" Marks—aptly named, if only for the speed at which he flows—accompanied himself on the iPod, skipping through sections of songs he thought too boring, and pausing to play a few *Sonic Youth* interludes during which he simply struck a pose. Was it a lack of professionalism? In some ways, yes, but there was a personal honesty to it that redeemed the experience.

Marks stumbled awkwardly through audience interaction, but it came off fresh. "I hope I leave the stage having taught you something," he said, "but I'm not sure what." (Primarily: Cigarettes are bad, and so is jail-time.) When he returns to the stage during Islands' set, to join them on the psychedelic "Where There's a Will, There's a Whalebone", he and Diamonds laughingly snap shots of each other on digital cameras. It's the kind of keen, childish *joie de vivre* echoed in Islands tunes like "Jogging Gorgeous Summer" and "Don't Call Me Whitney Bobby." And it works, to a point, but it's hard not to eventually get the impression that Diamonds has had a bit too much of his own Kool-Aid.

"This song is called Bucky Little Wing," he says, and the crowd cheers wildly. He laughs. "You have no idea what that [title] means. It's okay, I get it. You cheer 'cause it's a good song. I could fart and wonderful music would come out." And it gets worse. Halfway through "Rough Gem", the last song before they make their first of two exits, the keyboard cuts out. Diamonds begins pounding the keys furiously, but his effort is in vain. Seething with rage, it looks as if his eyes are tearing up. He quickly turns his back on the audience. The song ends without so much as a "thank you" or "good night". He leaves the stage in a huff, kicking over his guitar stand on the way out, and the band follows him off awkwardly. Half the crowd seems too love-drunk on the tropical Islands Kool-Aid to even notice the tantrum.

And so, youthful charms aside, it would seem Nick Diamonds has some serious growing up to do. Lucky for him—with an all-ages crowd in which the high school emo kids nearly outnumbered the UB-Cenesters—so does his audience.

Justin Morrisette

JAMIE LIDELL TECHNOSIS

November 4
Neumos, Seattle

Prior to tonight's headliner, we were required to endure the glitchy, thumpy house styles of Technosis and some DJ chap whose name I don't remember (apologies for this poor standard of journalism!). Both acts started off quite interestingly, but it all rapidly descended into a dirge of beats and bleeps. The only memorable thing about either performance was the sight of one half of the duo Technosis looking inordinately excited with pressing buttons on his laptop and mixer. I only wish I could share his enthusiasm.



Frank Black at the Commodore, November 12



Julie Dorian at Richard's, November 2nd

Photo by Alanna Scott

((RLA))

Thankfully, the tedium of the support acts became a long-forgotten memory once Jamie Lidell hit the stage. Boasting a strong charisma and charm, he exuded a confidence that was fully justified. Beginning his set with "Game For Fools", he immediately dazzled the gathered throng with his powerful and soulful voice. Straight afterward, he went into an extended rendition of "The City". Here he built layer after layer of beatboxing and voice, creating an improvised version of the song barely recognizable from the album version. Absolutely brilliant. It's truly amazing how Lidell manages to be so engaging when all he has is his voice and a bank of synthesizers and samplers at his disposal. Perhaps it would be slightly childish to suggest that Lidell's performance tonight wasn't quite as inspired as his show at the Commodore Ballroom back in July, but it is true. Nevertheless, even when he's not on top form, he still gives a very entertaining display of a precocious talent that was sure to leave a lasting impression on this appreciative Seattle crowd.

Will Pedley

WOLF EYES SICK LLAMA RAVEN STRAIN November 8 Pat's Pub

Abstract: NOISE! HARSH MOTHERFUCKING NOISE! And yet somehow not loud enough.

Raven Strain and Sick Llama both proved to be deserving openers. Sick Llama definitely won me over with his restrained yet aggressively dense sound. However, there was more than enough intervening time to get some local harsh noise talent on stage. Like any other McBean-fearing Vancouverite I recognize the greatness of the **Black Mountain Army**; however, hearing their tunes between sets wasn't greatly adding to my experience. It would have been no thing to get **THE RITA**, whose quality has been attested to by a lick of Thurston Moore's **Bull Tongue**, or any number of harshed-out acts (like anything **Masa Anzai** has a hand in, **Taskmaster**, or **Sick Buildings**, to name a few) that inhabit the Vancouver sewers. There were a lot of people out to see Wolf Eyes that I'm sure don't know of the harshness that dwells in the heart of Vancouver's yoga-pants-wearing casual Friday exterior. It could have been an excellent time to flaunt our art. I suppose it remains the lot of the Vancouver artist to wallow in local obscurity, having to gain recognition from the "outside", at which point the penny will take note. If you are so inclined and have yet to do so, check out a local noise show. The least pretentious genre I know of and rarely more than a \$5 cover. This public service announcement is now over.

Wolf Eyes came and commanded that awkward stage at Pat's. They were more of a "band" than I was anticipating, playing actual "songs" rather

than meandering noise-jams. Say what you will about their drunken tomfoolery, but they are amazing at what they do and they clearly love doing it. I don't even think the crowd minded much that after missing last call the band demanded beer from the audience in order to keep playing. Twice. I have a feeling that the ultimatum was legit. Wolf Eyes NEED to be in altered states to channel the black vomit that they hurl at the audience. I did find a few things about the show to distract me from my reception of bile and holocaust-fist. First and foremost, Pat's Pub. I beg you, LOUDER. Appreciate that the audience has come to prostrate themselves in front of the stage to be sacrificed by the rightful heirs to **Throbbing Gristle**. Let us be sacrificed. Secondly, digital cameras, please, take your tourism elsewhere. No matter how many times you randomly point and shoot in the general direction of the stage your picture will suck. Please give up release and enjoy.

Caroline Walker

MISERY SIGNALS BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME NORMA JEAN November 10 Croatian Cultural Centre

I hadn't seen Misery Signals play since they got their new singer, and although I miss Jesse Zaraska as their front man, replacement Karl Schubach does a fair job of filling his shoes. I would have liked to hear more of their old material, but considering the personal content of Zaraska's lyrics, I would understand if that was the reason they were lacking in that department. Schubach has potential: his hopeful screams filled the near-empty Croatian Cultural Center and were ringing in my ears for hours after the show. Like most hardcore, the music is a sort of organized chaos, and they pounded out gut-wrenching note after note. Unfortunately the mosh pit was weak—the crowd didn't seem to know or care what they were doing. I was very disappointed.

Between the Buried and Me put on the best show of the night. They were quite boring visually, but musically they were mind-blowing. Tommy Rogers has the most spectacularly diverse vocal ability, ranging from high-pitched shrieks to guttural growls. He even sang his way through a cover of Queen's "Bicycle Race" with near perfect pitch and sense of harmony. I would still expect quite a bit more movement and action out of a band with their talent; they were unbelievably tight, just very dull to watch. One guitarist was actually seated throughout the entire set! I am still in awe of Rogers' vocals, especially since he is so average in his looks. His attire consisted of a plain navy blue sweater and jeans, and a short neat brown hair cut. He looks like someone you would find asking for the 2 for 1 deal on Cheerios at your local supermarket.

The only slightly entertaining thing about Norma Jean's set was the ghostly stench they emitted when they took the stage. They looked and smelled as though they hadn't showered in weeks, and to top it off they had smeared dirt (or something of the sort) all over themselves. Other than that, and a second drummer that seemed to be serving no purpose other than to look neat, they were completely mediocre. Their music is less than impressive, sounding like every other band on their genre right now, and they weren't even overly energetic.

All in all, the show was quite bland, with few exceptions.

Sarah Fischer

BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY HUMAN BELL November 10 St. James Community Hall

Whether or not I ever wanted to visit the Holy Land, on Friday November 10th at the St. James Community Hall, I was taken there anyhow. Sitting in a church pew surrounded by an audience of music purists, half of whom looked like religious prophets or new hippies (I couldn't decide), I was first mesmerized by the opening band from Baltimore, **Human Bell**. They reminded me that God knows how important acoustics are. Their first song was reminiscent of *Tubular Bells*, but without the bells. Instead, an electric guitar and a double-armed electric guitar made the crowd sit up and listen. These two very talented musicians have already been added to my list of favorites. They began with intense energy, played, ironically, with an eerie calmness that slowly built to a chorus of frenetic guitar strumming held back for an instant before reaching a powerful climax. Tingling and exciting. That was followed by a song that blasted me back to the 70s and reminded me of the **George Harrison** and **Ravi Shankar** union, without the hash and chillum. Their music reached a place deep inside of me, that produced a gut-wrenching pain intensified by the melodic, crisp, clear sounds of the trumpet. Then, like a haunting, soft thunder, drums were added to produce deep, sensual and erotic feelings, and a need to connect with another human being. This team of Nathan Bell and Dave Heumann were a perfect lead-up to Bonnie "Prince" Billy and his morbid lyrics.

Not since 1977, when we renamed **Dan Hill** Dan "Slash Your Wrists" Hill, have I felt so sad, so lonely and so full of dread. Opening with "A Song for a New Breed", from *I See A Darkness*, I, too, was the dark. Painfully crying out for love, with a **Clapton**-like solo, I asked myself, "Can a guitar really speak to me?" Oh yes, when Bonnie "Prince" Billy strums his guitar, it surely can, and I was reminded of the neediness which can be found deep within my soul. His lyrics are literal and contemplative, not for the shallow. With no introduction or hello to

the audience, B.P.B. continued straight into "Wai". Melodic and harmonic, like a lullaby, we watched as he literally lulled a baby to sleep a few pews over. I found myself yearning for someone to lay with and be that safe.

Finally, he acknowledged the audience, too briefly, and then continued to play a variety of songs, enough to please the seasoned B.P.B. fans and win new converts to the Church of Billy. "Lion Lair" was definitely a crowd-pleaser, his playing strong and seamless with a country influence that was loud and clear. Billy is not for the faint of heart. His songs are like the last song you hear at the club, where lovers intertwine and make an unspoken promise to be "one" for at the least the next few hours. Heads were bobbing rhythmically and in recognition with each song he played.

There were uplifting moments, but most of his music was somber in nature. I related to the hardship and the darkness and the need for love he sings about, but in the larger scheme of things in my life, I prefer to be uplifted and distracted from my pain. Bonnie "Prince" Billy got me in touch with feelings I would rather be in denial about, especially during this time of year when it's so dark it's hard to see the light. Billy has a following of fans who clearly are in touch with their feelings, and they loved him.

K. Bourne

MELIGROVE BAND THE GOLDEN DOGS November 11 The Gallery Lounge

I wasn't in the jolliest of moods, since for one darn thing, my thumb was sore from a red poppy pin wounding from the Orpheum Remembrance Day Concert earlier that day (a sea of white and grey hair, but a deeply poignant show of war vets, marching bands and swing dance). The other darn thing was the drive on the UBC highway was something out of horror flick—torrential downpour and one lonely man taking the fearsome hour walk of darkness, his face spectre-like in the headlights. But Meligrove Band and The Golden Dogs changed that entire haunted Novemberous mood.

The show was relocated from the Pit to the Gallery due to the surprisingly mere 40 pre-sold tickets, but it made for a nice intimate soirée. The Golden Dogs opened the night (**The Junction**, who regularly open on the tour, had their van break down in Edmonton). The Golden Dogs were buckets of pure energy and good-spirited shouting. They have an unapologetically glitz about them, which consoles me since lately everywhere I turn seems to stink of hipness. The sitting crowd pushed their tables aside, got up and started a fun little dance party. Between tambourine and putting up cute laminated signs of each song name, Jessica Grassia played the piano so hard it made her head bang. It was such a dance frenzy you wouldn't have even noticed if Denise

((RLA))

Richards was chucking laptops across the bar hitting old ladies in the head. The Golden Dogs are the kind of band that I would advise not doing drugs to see—they are intoxicating enough.

Melgrove Band was everything I wanted out of four guys rocking super hard. At times everyone was dancing so madly that you hardly noticed that the whole song was instrumental, which may have been in part to singer Jason Nunes' case of strep throat. Nonetheless, the guy is also a powerhouse on the guitar and piano. And like the Golden Dogs, Melgrove retains an unsnobish while producing a sophisticated aura.

Hats off to a killer show. I even signed both bands' mailing lists, which is rare. I left feeling like I could dance till dawn, despite my thumb and the beastly weather. Both bands were deeply impressed with the enthused and dancy Vancouver crowd, being used to pensive indie kids with folded arms. I was proud of us too.

Marianna Mah

THE RAPTURE THE PRESETS

November 14th
Richards on Richards

No statement can better account for the events of November 14th than the following—I fell asleep still wearing my bandana because the sweat I had excreted from the night of dancing made it impossible to untie. The next morning, I showered wearing it.

It was an evening that was buzzing with constant motion. I had only just sauntered in the front door when I realized that this was one of the best atmospheres any show this year. Every person in the room knew each other within just a few degrees of separation. These conditions can often lead to some pretty incestuous scenes around Vancouver, but Richard's on Richards was the exception that night. It was a diverse cross-section of characters and groups that had all come to hang up their egos, throw caution to the wind, and just dance.

The Presets opened the night as an electro-clash dance duo. Slowly throughout their set, I felt as though the blood in my veins was being transfused by whatever the opposite of formaldehyde is (perhaps the serum used by Dr. Hill in *Re-Animator*). My body had phased from stiff and rigid to fluidic and animated. With each passing song the audience graduated from toe-tapping to head-bobbing and then, finally, to the classic Vanhyster knee-jolt of approval. The set had ended on an intensely high note as many of the club's patrons dashed outside for a quick fresh air cool-down and a couple drags of nicotine.

If Presets was a blood transfusion, The Rapture was an all-out lobotomy. I was dancing in the first 3 rows of the crowd the entire night, yet I can't recall a single time where I glanced on stage. There was just too much going on down on the floor. With each passing song, the audience moved more and more as one. By mid-set, the band performed their re-cut version of "Get Myself Into It (Wanna Help Me Do It?)" the lyrics of which became the anthem of the night, and the entire room of music goers began dancing and moving together almost as one living organism. At one point, late in The Rapture's set, frontman Luke Jenner (probably taking a cue from the indie kid makout party going on in the front row) felt the love in the room and instructed everyone in the audience to turn to their neighbor and give them a peck on the cheek. The audience complied as the band kicked into 2003's "best song ever," "House of Jealous Lovers". It's what good shows in Vancouver are made of.

Danny McCash

UNDER REVIEW

EL PERRO DEL MAR, WOLF EYES LOVE IS ALL, SWAN LAKE, SARAH SLEAN PERNICE BROTHERS, FRIDA HYVÖNEN PRIMAL SCREAM DEFTONES, JIM NOIR, MATT GAYS, THEA GILMORE, AIMEE MANN, K-OS, THE WINKS

KEVIN DEVINE

El Perro Del Mar s/t (Control Group)

Music executives think they're smarter than you. That's why they devise schemes like reissues to steal your money. They trick you into thinking something old is new again by snazzing up the packaging, adding a few "bonus tracks", and maybe a video or two. More often than not, this trick dilutes the merit of the original and leaves you wanting to strategically scratch out the sub-par bonus material. Thankfully, the third incarnation of El Perro Del Mar's debut has avoided this pitfall by not altering much of its original conception.

The songs on El Perro Del Mar's North American debut have been floating around in some form or another for about two years now. They first appeared in 2004 on two limited-edition EPs, were then assembled by Memphis Industries earlier this year and now appear on a domestic release with just one pesky bonus track from the split 7-inch with **Jens Lekman**.

So why bother releasing these songs so many times? Well, because they're damn good. Sweden's El Perro Del Mar, aka Sarah Asbrink, makes the type of music that begs for repeated listening. Like the French chanteuse **Françoise Hardy**, El Perro Del Mar's blend of the femme fatale with the lonely girl next door is as fascinating as it is inviting. Musically she appeals to retro sensibilities, and yet adds enough of her own to prevent songs from ever being dull. Songs like "God Knows (You Gotta Give to Get)" and "I Can't Talk About It" sound like they were produced by a Phil Spector gone lo-fi, and "Here Comes That Feeling" has Asbrink's vocals simply dripping in reverb as she gives a nod to old **Otis Redding**.

Since these songs are about

two years old, ingest them quickly and be on the lookout for new material, because El Perro Del Mar must have something brewing in the kitchen by now.

Brock Thiesen

Aimee Mann One More Drifter in the Snow (Superego Records)

Aimee Mann has made a deal with the devil. That's the only way to explain the 46-year-old American lite-rockers' flawless good looks, which remain virtually unchanged since her chart success in the 80s fronting "Til Tuesday (famous for their quasi-hit single, "Voices Carry"). Whether from Botox or just amazing genes, her bone structure, flowing blonde locks, and wrinkle-free skin put people half her age to shame. If only the same praise could be heaped upon her latest album.

A Christmas album is usually a bad idea. Gimmicky at best and unlistenable at worst, Christmas albums are usually played for a few weeks in December, then consigned forever to the bargain bins. Too bad for *One More Drifter in the Snow*, Mann's tenth album, that it had to fall into such a miserable category. Granted, it's not as bad as it could be, but it's still not very exciting.

Except for two original songs, the album is a collection of the "classic" yuletide music **Bing Crosby** and his ilk croon over department store PA systems every year. Mann wrote one song on the album (the forgettable "Calling on Mary"), and one was written by her husband, singer **Michael Penn**. Most of the songs—languid, lounge-y confabulations—ooze together and form a not-entirely-terrible-but-still-not-very-interesting mis-mash of sadistic Christmas gas.

Much like the fruitcake an elderly relative brings to Christmas

every year, *One More Drifter in the Snow* isn't particularly appetizing, nor would you want any in, say, mid-August, but it somehow satisfies, in a weird way. Continuing with the fruitcake metaphor, it is a mass of festive, sometimes syrupy, sometimes bitter nostalgia in a bland, slightly stale matrix of half-assed, depressing elevator music. Non-devotees of Aimee Mann: avoid this album. Fans: do yourself a favour. Pull out your old copy of, say, *Schedule No. 2*. Use the extra money to buy a Santa hat and some candy canes. Seriously, fuck this shit.

Maxwell Maxwell

Frida Hyvönen Until Death Comes (Secretly Canadian)

Until Death Comes gets off to an impressive start with the double-tracked vocals of the piano-driven "I Drive My Friend", the finest of the ten tracks on Frida's debut. Upon first listen, however, it wasn't the lilting trot of the former, but the line "once I felt your cock against my thigh" that first grabbed my attention. The words came on the record's fifth song, "Once I Was a Serene Teenaged Child," and left me wondering if they were part of a larger example of rather brilliant observational songwriting, or simply a cheap attention grab. In all honesty, after several listens, it doesn't really matter, as the awkward memories of junior high slow dances that it evoked served to break the relative monotony of the listening experience. That's not to say that *Until Death Comes* is out and out bad—it just fails to live up to Frida's potential.

Hyvönen is at her best when she's penning tunes with the upbeat bounce of the album's opener, but she never reaches the same level as "I Drive My Friend." "You Never Got Me Right", for

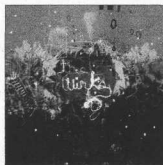
example, starts off strong but withers after the first minute, slowly limping for another 53 seconds, and ending before it has a chance to take off again. Ironically, her slower numbers suffer from the opposite problem, with the very short "Valerie" (clocking in at a mere 1:34) standing head and shoulders above the rest of the more reserved compositions on the record, due in large part to its brevity. Conversely, "N.Y." plods along slowly as Hyvönen plunks out chords, singing the praises of the Big Apple in uninspiring fashion, while some "tasteful" horns decorate the space around her. After four minutes of this, the off-beat bounce of "The Modern"—another one of the record's highlights—is a welcome rescue.

On *Until Death Comes*, Frida demonstrates that she's certainly capable of writing some rather stunning, ivory-laced pop songs. Unfortunately, the record is so uneven, it's hard to recommend. The high points are good enough to rank with most of the finer releases I've heard this year, but they're too few and far between. And while Frida's voice is one of her strengths, she's certainly no **Cat Power**, and can't hide her somewhat rudimentary piano playing behind her pipes for the duration of a full-length.

Quinn Omori

Love Is All Nine Times That Same Song (What's Your Rapture?)

It's too bad that we only get to hear that song nine times, but if you find the edition with a bonus disc you can listen to the song four more times, and that includes **Yoko Ono** and **Kim Fowley** covers that nod to these musicians from the yesteryears of rock history. These Swedes have taken dancey art-punk that's recently been sounding





same-old-same-old and managed to etch some freshness out of it. Josephine Olausson's voice is a wonderful throwback to 80s post-punk vocalists like **Blondie's** Debbie Harry and **Delta 5's** Julz Sale. The sax they've thrown in on most of their songs brings elements of ska or jazz, but in such an alien setting as to render them almost unrecognizable. Faster tracks like "Used Goods" start with a minimalist post-punk feel and slowly push towards a danceable wall of noise at the end. These upbeat numbers contend with simpler musical backdrops to Olausson's voice, such as "Turn the TV Off" and "Turn the Radio Off," which invoke an eerie sorrow.

This album does more than ride on the wave of a popular flavour of the week, but stands out as one of the stronger albums as the second wave of this music begins to wash over us. Most of the imitators in dance-punk are easily forgettable, however this album is one that will stick out as a suitable child of the parents that spawned it.

Jordie Sparkle

Sarah Slean Orphan Music (WEA/Atlantic)

The premise of *Orphan Music* seems to be that it's an album of music that doesn't have an album, which means that it mainly consists of new versions of songs from Slean's 2004 release *Day One*. This includes not one, but two versions each of "Lucky Me" and "Pilgrim," and winds up with versions of nine of the eleven songs that made up *Day One*. Yet overall *Orphan Music* is a lot closer to Slean's roots than *Day One*—the first few tracks are recordings of live performances with her piano as the instrument of choice.

What's really interesting about these songs is that Sarah Slean's vocal performance is always similar to the album version, throwing the emphasis onto the music. It turns out this has a big effect: "Lucky Me," originally a pretty pop-sound-



ing single, shows up first as a lounge piece for piano, and then at the end of the album as performed by a string quartet. The three versions have very different moods, and seemingly give different meanings to Slean's often enigmatic lyrics.

Since so much of *Orphan Music* is a version of *Day One*, it's easy to think of this as a companion album, the kind of dubious release that features remixes suspiciously similar to the album version. But this isn't the case; instead, the songs almost become entirely new tracks. With the addition of a handful of b-sides and two unreleased songs, this is the next best thing to a new album.

On the other hand, if you don't like Sarah Slean in the first place, then you probably won't have much use for what is essentially an album of Sarah Slean doing covers of Sarah Slean songs. But you already knew that.

Neale Barnholden

Pernice Brothers Live a Little (Ashtrom Records)

Joe Pernice has decided to put a little music to his writing again with his band Pernice Brothers. And thankfully, his 45-second stint on *Gilmore Girls* doesn't seem to have gone to his head.

As always, his teary melodies and **Elvis Costello**-like delivery make for some rather efficient power-pop on the new album, *Live a Little*. Here, Pernice and co. revisit some old friends and sounds, while at the same time stretching out their artistic feelers.

As for the old, producer Michael Deming is back behind the boards. He recorded Pernice's previous band, the **Scud Mountain Boys**, and the first Pernice Brothers record, *Overcome by Happiness*. And returned are the strings and horns that accompanied the debut record, making an effective comeback on this latest release. On tracks like the **Curtis Mayfield**-tinged "Zero Reddies" and horn-squelching "Microscopic View," this



instrumentation is a perfect fit for Pernice's poignant yet funny lyrics. And to top off the old, the Pernice Brothers have re-recorded "Grudge Fuck," which was originally done with the Scud Mountain Boys.

As for the new, *Live a Little* is more of a rock record than previous albums. This doesn't necessarily mean you'll break out the devil horns, but foot-tapping and head-bopping are often appropriate. This is especially noticeable in the album's early tracks like "Automaton" and "Somerville." The lyrics also feel a bit more rock 'n' roll this time out, such as on the stunning closer "High as a Kite," which rhymes summer with **Joe Strummer**.

Package this all up and you have yourself a great little album.

Brack Thiesen

Deftones Saturday Night Wrist (Maverick)

"Hole in the Earth," the opener to the band's fifth studio album, rivals "My Own Summer (Shove It)" as Deftones' biggest radio-friendly-unit-shifter to date. Normally such a phrase would likely strike fear in the heart of the discerning music listener, but in this instance it's no bad thing. The song's main riff sounds huge, its chorus even bigger still. It is quickly apparent that this album doesn't deviate far from the band's established sound, but what really sets this album apart from their last is the production. While 2003's eponymous effort was drenched in swathes of tar-thick guitars, to the point where they nearly drowned out the rest of the band, this album is far more balanced. Compared to the dense and almost impenetrable *Deftones*, *Saturday Night Wrist* has been made far more palatable by Canada's own Bob Ezrin (**Pink Floyd**, **Kiss**, **Alice Cooper**). This has really brought singer Chino Moreno's superb voice to the fore and given greater prominence to Frank Delgado's contribution of keys and samples, which has pre-



viously been very hard to distinguish. These two characteristics are well displayed on "Xerxes," a song that sees the band weaving their 80s influences on their sleeves. Elsewhere on the album, "Rats/Rats/Rats" is a staggering-ly abrasive affair that combines discordant aggression with a beautifully soaring chorus.

The only occasion when this album falters is on the minimalist electro of "Pink Cellphone," which features a rather irritating spoken word piece from **Giant Drag's** Annie Hardy. Fortunately, the album quickly recovers with a closing triumvirate of brilliant songs: "Combat," "Kimdracula," and "Riviere." This album once again reaffirms Deftones' position as a band who came to prominence during the nu-metal movement but has always been a far more fulfilling, cerebral and indeed enduring musical proposition than the rest of the bunch.

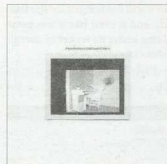
Korn who?

Will Pedley

Wolf Eyes Human Animal (Sub Pop)

Over the last 8 years or so, I've managed to collect dozens of **Wilco** bootlegs. It's a practice that's been questioned numerous times, and one that I finally gave up fairly recently. The shoebox full of CD-Rs that I've accumulated over the years vary from tour to tour, but a lot of them would be almost indistinguishable from one another, were it not for the very carefully written labels on each of the paper sleeves. What, you might ask, does this have to do with Wolf Eyes? Not a lot, but something.

Despite former associations with Jim O'Rourke, and the drafting of sound-bending guitar virtuoso **Nels Cline**, musically Wilco have virtually nothing in common with Wolf Eyes. The Michigan trio's recorded output, however, does bear a certain resemblance to that stack of bootlegs that currently sits in my room: for the uninitiated, if you've heard one, you could've easily heard them



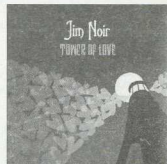
all. I'm not suggesting that "all noise sounds the same" or even that one Wolf Eyes track or album is indistinguishable from another. However, if you're not a hardcore devotee, you'd be hard pressed to glean any significant differences between washes of sound on *Human Animal* and any of the dozens of recordings the band's released this year. Similarly, Wilco's January 10th, 2001 rendition of "Shot in the Arm" is surely different from the March 12th, 2001 performance of "Shot in the Arm," but no one would blame you if you didn't know why or care either way. But you should still care about *Human Animal*.

If you've got a stack of cassettes and LPs that you acquired from the merch table during Wolf Eyes' recent visit to Vancouver, you already know this record is one of the best things Wolf Eyes has put out this year or any. If you aren't drowning in tapes full of aural experimentation, however, this is an excellent place to start. *Human Animal* finds Wolf Eyes in a slightly more subdued state of mind, but there are still moments of squealing, crashing, and banging that build to create some sublime moments that emerge from the rather wonderful cacophony. If you're not a Wolf Eyes devotee, chances are you won't find yourself ready to embark on a quest to fill your iPod with the rest of the band's vast catalogue, but if you're only going to put your money on one new recording this year, this record is a pretty safe bet.

Quinn Omori

Primal Scream Riot City Blues (Sony/BMG)

It's hard to guess what Primal Scream were thinking when they decided to lay down *Riot City Blues*. The album's return to the **Faces**/**Stones** persona previously featured on '94's *Give Out But Don't Give Up* is a rather strange move. No more Kevin Shields. No more electronic gadgetry. No more close to XTRMNR. Just Bobby G and the boys playin'



some down-home boogie-woogie.

And as bad (or good) as this might sound, *Riot City Blues* does have its moments. The rock 'n' roll numbers, "Suicide Sally & Johnny Gunn" and "The 99th Floor," go down easy after a beer or three, and "Hell's Comin' Down" calls for some boot stompin', courtesy of the country and western vibe whipped up by **Dirty Three's** Warren Ellis. However, like *Give Out But Don't Give Up*, the album's strongest tracks are the slower numbers, like "Sometimes I Feel So Lonely" and "Little Death," which might almost fit on one of the last two Primal Scream records. If you key in on these few decent songs and ignore the blatantly cliché lyrics of Bobby Gillespie, which are a given at this point, *Riot City Blues* is decent enough.

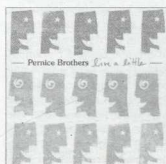
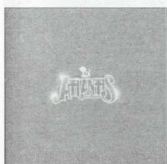
Note: Not sure if all the copies out there are like this, but my lame-ass boom material seems to be improperly labeled. Instead of the listed **John Lennon** cover of "Gimme Some Truth," I got a live version of "Country Girl," and there's no video content on this disc like they tell me there is. Either the cutbacks must be bad at the majors, or this was some trick to make me put this disc in my computer so it could infect my baby.

Brack Thiesen

Thera Gilmore Harp's Ghost (Sanctuary)

Knee-deep in the music business since her teenage debut with **Burning Dorothy**, Britain's Thera Gilmore works in the mold of **Bob Dylan**, **Joni Mitchell**, and **Elvis Costello**, among others. Eight years (including a three-year hiatus) later, those influences still hold strong on *Harp's Ghost*.

To me, the way artists use instruments is very important. Technique can contribute or harm the music considerably, depending on factors like variety and notes played. Throughout *Harp's Ghost* the instrumentation mostly stays low key yet



interesting, like in the first (and probably best) track, "The Gambler", with its smooth piano chords. Flashes of electric organ and harmonica solos (a Dylan trademark) grace such laid-back tracks as "Call Me Your Darling", and cello/orchestral flute weave throughout "Slow Journey I". On other tracks, a simple acoustic guitar or percussion accompaniment provides the only support for a sparse, stark tone ("The List," "Whistle and Steam"). With her ear toward variety, she also includes a metal-pop serving ("We Built a Monster") that's sure to get some airplay (well, at least on 101.9 FM).

Gilmore also sports a strong, competent voice with minimal vibrato. She in fact reminds me of the modern Joni Mitchell (I'm not trying to box her in with these comparisons; it just helps in visualizing her music). Her penchant for writing fun, almost sing-along vocal melodies is a plus to my ears (such as "Cheap Tricks," which I would release as a single if I were her). Besides, who wants to hear a cynical folkard without a decent sense of melody?

But what is her weakness, you ask? Two things: the first is the words. As with many introverted singer-songwriters, Gilmore writes lyrics that try too hard to sound mysterious and full of angst. The second is the production: too often, the electric rhythm guitar is played in the same loud manner. Some variety would freshen things up.

John Park

Swan Lake Beast Moans (Scratch Records)

It must have been an interesting process for three of Western Canada's most distinct musical minds to come together to create *Beast Moans*. In doing so, Spencer Krug, Dan Bejar and Carey Mercer have crafted an album in which the unique styles of each musician are obviously recognizable. Each song was essentially written by one of the members, and as a result the album flows almost like a mix of b-sides from their respective catalogues. In their efforts to forge a new Swan Lake sound, these three indie giants have created watered-down versions of their individual aesthetics.

This album had so much potential, but despite other opinions printed in this publication, I can't help but be disappointed by the inability of these brilliant artists to come together and make something at least as good as one of their individual records. It really pains me to put this into words, as I have the utmost respect for each of these individuals, and I feel like I am letting them down in some way by not liking what in theory should be one of the best albums of the year. This album may come as a let down to those who were drooling over these releases,

but it still holds merit for the true fan, and it even has a few gems hiding under its veneer of overall mediocrity.

Jordie Sparkle

K-Os Atlantis (EMI/Virgin)

Atlantis is K-Os' third album, and it plays like a celebration. Right from the first song, "Electric Heat", you are hauled into adventure and curiosity. K-Os evokes the eighties with a combination of Motown, rap, rockabilly and rock. "Electric Heat" is playfully done rap that takes you back to the days of **Chaka Khan's** "Ain't Nobody". The rest of the album features a wide variety of styles, proving that K-Os is not afraid to experiment. On "Equalizer", he sings, "this rap's not afraid to try the mo's." Through his nostalgic-sounding ballads, the Torontonian MC weaves lyrics with a storytelling rap style that keeps you engaged and entertained.

This is my favourite of K-Os' albums. There is definite growth and a sense of increasing confidence—he no longer relies catchy repetitive bits to replay in your mind for eternity. Each song is independently in a style of its own, all grown up. But even with the various styles, you get the sense that he is not trying to please you, but is more concerned with simply having a good time throughout. My favourite song is "Valhalla," featuring Sam Roberts: "If you can't dance to this it doesn't matter" somehow evolves into "Warrior's blood runs red through the eyes of the dead." While these lines may leave you baffled, K-Os has you in his hands, and somehow it works.

Julie Okot Bitek

Jim Noir Tower of Love (Barsuk)

Imagine a palette full of the best albums of the 1960s. Manchester, UK native Jim Noir covers the musical canvas of his debut album *Tower of Love* with strokes of *Revolver*, shades of *Pet Sounds*, and a light dab of *Bookends*. That being said, Noir is also bursting with originality. On *Tower of Love*, he mixes layers of *Beach Boys*-esque harmonies, hummable melodies, slick bass lines, and electronic beats into an amazing fusion of new and old.

Noir refuses to conform to convention, as each track takes a complete departure from the standard verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge that's so prevalent in pop music. There's an odd, unexpected twist to be found in every track and, for the most part, they're welcome additions. Some songs will feature little more than one or two lines of vocals, while others are completely instrumental. "A Quiet Man" is

perhaps the strongest result of the musical fusion found on the album, backing house-styled backbeats and a booming bass track to thick layers of sunny harmonies. Meanwhile, "Tell Me What To Do" is straight-up vintage *Revolver*, and that's never a bad thing.

Throughout all the complexity and eccentric styles, the true gem of the album reveals in its simplicity: the closer "The Only Way." The track sounds like what would result if **Brian Wilson** tried to write "Sounds of Silence." Noir sings variations of "This is possibly the only time/ the last time I can tell you/ To tell you meant so much to me" over a gently plucked acoustic guitar as the song gradually builds into a spectacular collage of soaring harmonies. As the song fades into silence, the listener is left in anticipation of the next musical masterpiece that inevitably awaits from Jim Noir.

Robbin Hawkins

Matt Mays When the Angels Make Contact (Sonic Records)

The story goes like this: Fresh off cleaning house at the East Coast Music Awards, Matt Mays begins *When the Angels Make Contact*, a film project for which he will write, produce and star. The plot details are fuzzy, but it seems to tell the story of one J.J. Carver (our man Mays), a troubled rector on a motorcycle who must make a pact with the supernatural to regain a fallen loved one. It sounds awfully similar to *Ghost Rider*, but I might be reading it wrong. We'll never really know: according to Mays' website, the film was quickly shelved, as Matt ran out of money to keep it off the ground. Flash forward a few months and we are left with Mays' third album. *When the Angels Make Contact*, the soundtrack he wrote for the film that never was.

Or so the story goes. Is *WTAMC* really an OST for a film that fell apart, or is Mays pulling the wool over our eyes with an inventive back-story to a clever concept album? With little evidence of a film-shoot, it's tough to say for certain. Still, regardless of its origins, this is an ambitious record that sees Matt grow and experiment as a songwriter. And for the most part, he succeeds.

Stepping away from the hard-charging sound of his last album, Mays aims more for atmosphere here, mixing things up with ambient noise and the mournful strumming of an acoustic guitar. Stylistically, it's mildly reminiscent of his self-titled debut, but before things get too familiar, Matt flips the record on its head. On the title track, for example, **Buck 65** pops in for a verse and seems right at home amidst the song's gritty backbeat, strong focus on rhythm, and lyrics rife with internal rhyme. There's a more urbanized sound being showcased here, different from

anything the cowboy rocker's done before.

I won't bother trying to piece together the story the songs tell, but I will say this: there are a handful of excellent tracks on this disc, and while it may not be as consistent as *El Torpedo*, it's certainly shiny. In a time when most bands taste success only to pump out the same album again and again, Mays opts to take a risk—a big risk. And as the sun sets on J.J. Carver, Nova Scotia's golden boy emerges more complete for the experience.

Justin Morrisette

The Winks Birthday Party (Ache)

It isn't often that a band like the Winks come along. They meld together different styles: elements of pop, jazz, folk, and indie rock interplay with their use of "unusual" instruments. The core members highlight this: Todd MacDonald plays mandolin and Tyr Jami plays the cello against the sounds of saxophone, flute, and—of course—drums and keyboard. The extra instruments are played by a rotating cast of characters, which on *Birthday Party* includes **Salteens** stalwart Tim Sars and world traveler Adrian Burrus.

Having just recently moved to Montreal, the Winks were an integral part of the Vancouver scene for quite some time, playing every other weekend here to ecstatic crowds of indie-hipsters and art-school graduates. They have already released a slew of recordings, many of which were CD-R only releases that sympa-

thetic ears still cling to. *Birthday Party* is not much of a departure from these earlier releases, but rather a fulfillment of them. This release is a melancholy yet mature collection, and the songs on this record shine.

"Snakes (Revisited)" is a crowd favourite that does not disappoint. The opening track, "Slumber Party, Let's Go" captures the mood of their live show, a subtle energy interwoven with interesting instrumentation. "O [I]" has an almost clinical feel to it, showing how the Winks truly differ from other indie rock acts. Not only are the songs good, but the production also sounds great.

This is largely due to the work of John Collins and Dave Carswell, who recorded the album at their legendary J/DC studios.

The Winks' *Birthday Party* definitely makes a better birthday present than tube socks or cake.

Joseph Paling

Kevin Devine Put Your Ghost to Rest (Capitol)

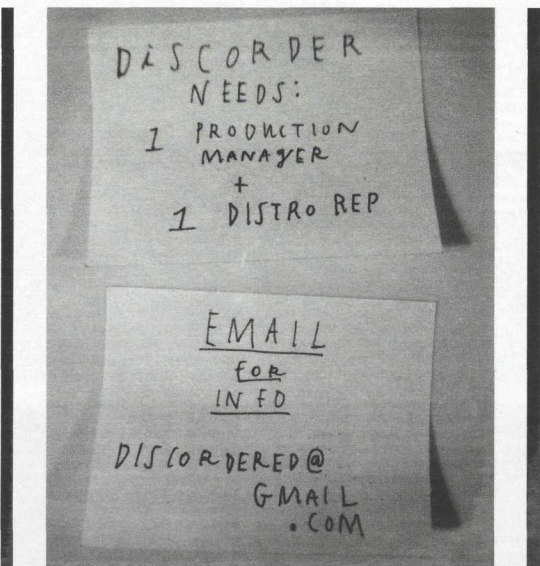
Yet another Dylan admirer, New Yorker Kevin Devine is one of today's many guitar-wielding introverts. Aside from Dylan, he cites **Nirvana**, the late **Elliott Smith**, and **Guns N' Roses** as some of his favourites. In recent years his music has reflected his increasing political beliefs and loss of his father, though it's hard to find the latter in *Put Your Ghost to Rest*.

But before we get to the music, I must get this off my chest: his lyrics can sometimes be a turn-off. Devine tries to convey pain,

sadness, and love, and while the words are sincere, he often overdoes it. The excess shows up in places such as "Less Yesterday, More Today" and the embarrassing "Billion Bees," which is up to its eyeballs in the mushy department ("I'll watched your fingers sneak towards mine" or "And I sucked your lip and bit your neck"). But he also includes a poem hidden in the sleeves, "I See America's Promise," detailing America's ailing condition ("its smiling lips and snowstorm teeth" and jacked jaw" and high priest "TV tongue"), and I've got to admit Devine can get very deep.

To be honest, Devine is at his musical best when he turns up the volume with the of guitar-and-drums rather than when he wallows in mushy love. The best tracks are at the beginning of the album ("Brooklyn Boy" and "You're Trailing Yourself," with confusing philosophical lyrics that I won't bother to decipher). "You'll Only End Up Joining Them" verges on self-pity—but who cares when the music rocks? Ditto with "Like Cursing Kids" and "The Burning City Smoking," which prove Devine is a better rocker than confessor. The jovial mood from "Trouble" (the happiest track, by the way) is unfortunately negated by the wimpy "Heaven Bound & Glory Be," ending *Put Your Ghost to Rest* on a limp note—but hey, it sure beats most of today's awful mainstream.

John Park



CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of 2006

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous year. Rekkids with stars (*) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	Vancouver*	Losin' It!	Scratch
2	The Joits*	Jmz	Indie
3	The Doers*	Whatcha Doin'?	Red Cat
4	Islands*	Return To The Sea	Equator
5	Various Artists*	Mint Records Presents: The CBC Radio 3 Sessions	Mint
6	Neko Case	Fox Confessor Brings The Flood	Mint
7	Great Aunt Ida*	How They Fly	Northern Electric
8	Ghost House*	Departures	Hive
9	Loscil*	Plume	Kranky
10	They Shoot Horses Don't They?*	Boo Hoo Hoo Boo	Kill Rock Stars
11	Run Chico Run*	Slow Action	Boompal
12	Pink Mountaintops*	Axis Of Evil	Scratch
13	The Leather Uppers*	Bright Lights	Goner
14	Sunset Rubdowns*	Shut Up I Am Dreaming	Absolutely Kosher
15	No Luck Club*	Prosperity	Indie
16	Young And Sexy*	Panic When You Find It	Mint
17	Vincat*	I Like Their Older Stuff Better	Indie
18	The Hidden Cameras*	Awao	Outside
19	Girl Talk	Night Ripper	Illegal Art
20	Ladyhawk*	S/T	Jagjaguwar
21	Stereolab	Fab Four Suture	Too Pure
22	Emily Haines and the Soft Skeleton*	Knives Don't Have Your Back	Last Gang
23	Final Fantasy*	He Poes Clouds	Blocks
24	MSTRKRFT*	The Looks	Last Gang
25	The Winks*	Birthday Party	Ache
26	Yo La Tengo	I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass	Matador
27	Various Artists*	Jamaica to Toronto: Soul Funk and Reggae 1967-1974	Light In The Attic
28	Joel and the Last of the Neighbours*	Antidote	The Tong Dynasty
29	Tokyo Police Club*	A Lesson in Crime	Paperbag
30	Pony Up!*	Make Love To The Judges With Your Eyes	Din Mak
31	Ivan Hrvatska*	Seasons of Love (Party all Year)	Pro-Am
32	Yeah Yeah Yeah's	Show Your Bones	Interscope
33	The Awkward Stage*	Heaven Is For Easy Girls	Mint
34	Chad Vangaalen*	Skelconnection	Sub Pop
35	The Dears*	Gang of Losers	Maple Music
36	The Cape May*	Glass Mountain Roads	Flemish Eye
37	Shout Out Out Out Out*	Not Saying / Just Saying	nrms wcm
38	The Deadcats*	Feline 500	Flying Saucer
39	Peaches*	Impach My Bush	XL
40	The Sadies*	In Concert Volume One	Outside
41	The Husbands	There's Nothing I'd Like More Than To See You Dead	Swami
42	Tim Hecker*	Harmony In Ultraviolet	Kranky
43	Windows '78*	The Window Seat	Submerged
44	The Nymphets*	Pro-Fucking-Motional	Indie
45	Sonic Youth	Rather Ripped	DGC
46	Test Icicles	Circle Square Triangle	Domino
47	Billy and the Lost Boys*	Yet, Why Not Say What Happened	Lost
48	The Bicycles*	The Good The Bad And The Cuddly	Fuzzy Logic
49	Les Breastfeeders*	Les Maitres De Grands Soirs	Blow the Fuse
50	Various Artists*	Music Roots: Parade of Noises 2005	Music Roots Seminars
51	Xin Xiu	The Air Force	5RC
52	Les Georges Leningrad*	Sanguis Paro	Outside
53	Various Artists*	See you on the Moon!	Paper Bag
54	Fond Of Tigers*	A Thing To Live With	Drip Audio
55	Malajube*	Trompe-l'œil	Dare To Care

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
56	Bonnie 'Prince' Billy	Cursed Sleep ep	Drag City
57	Blood Meridian*	Kick Up the Dust	Outside
58	Memphis*	A Little Place in the Wilderness	Good Fences
59	The Dudes*	Brain Heart Guitar	Load Music
60	Sandro Perrin*	Plays Polno Popo	Constellation
61	Liams	Drum's Not Dead	Mute
62	Arctic Monkeys	Whatever People Say I Am...	Domino
63	The Barmitsvah Brothers*	The Century Of Invention	Permafrost
64	The Buttless Chaps*	Where Night Holds Light	Mint
65	The Paper Cranes*	S/T	Unfamiliar
66	Cadence Weapon*	Breaking Kayfabe	Upper Class
67	Easy Star All Stars	Radiodread	Easy Star
68	B.A. Johnston*	Call Me When Old and Fat Is the New Young and Sexy	Just Friends
69	Black Ox Orkestar*	Night Azoj	Constellation
70	The Stills*	Without Feathers	Vice
71	Sparrow*	The New Pastoral	Indie
72	Camera Obscura	Let's Get Out of This Country	Merge
73	Nomeansno*	All the Roads Lead to Ausfahrt	AntiAcidAudio
74	Pigeon John and the Summertime Pool Party	S/T	Quannum
75	TV on the Radio	Return to Cookie Mountain	Interscope
76	Nina Nastasia	On Leaving	Fat Cat
77	Shotgun & Jaybird*	Trying to Get Somewhere	Sappy
78	International Falls*	The Plateau	Indie
79	Boris	Pink	Southern Lord
80	Kinaya Dawson	Remember That I Love You	k
81	The Weather*	Calling Up My Bad Side	Cake
82	Various Artists	Radio Thailand: Transmissions From the Tropical Kingdom	Sublime Frequencies
83	Panurge*	Walking In The Fog	Last Gang
84	Rae Spoon / Rodney Decroo*	Truckers Memorial	Northern Electric
85	Ratatat	Classics	XL
86	Robert Pollard	From A Compound Eye	Merge
87	Jason Forest	Shamelessly Exciting	Sonig
88	Why?	Rubber Traits	Anticon
89	Various Artists	Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass Whipped Cream and Other delights Re Whipped	Shout
90	Quasi	When the Going Gets Dark	Touch And Go
91	The Piery Furnaces	Bitter Tea	Fat Possum
92	CSS	Cause I See Sexy	Sub Pop
93	New York Dolls	One Day It Will Please Us to Remember Even This	Roadrunner
94	The Boycigs*	But Aren't We All?	Cara Board Box
95	Akron/Family	Meek Warrior	Young God
96	The Bronx	S/T	Island
97	Comets on Fire	Avatar	Sub Pop
98	Sunn O)))/Boris	Ahar	Southern Lord
99	Various Artists	Invaders	Kemado
100	Mono	You Are Here	Temporary Resistance

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO		FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS					
10am			THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...					
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm			GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	WRAPPED IN SILVER "SOUND"	WE ALL FALL DOWN		
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	FILL-IN	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	POWERCHORD
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	FILL-IN	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK			
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
5pm			WENER'S BBQ	RUMBLEONE RADIO A Go Go	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
6pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE DREAMS	UNCOMMON PRACTICE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AFROBEAT	THE CANADIAN WAY	OUR WAVE
7pm				AND SOMETIMES WHY	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU		FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO - HELL	FILL-IN	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
9pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW		JUICEBOX	LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
10pm	TRANCECANDANCE		CAUGHT IN THE RED	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
11pm							
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE					
1am			AURAL TENTACLES				
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)

KOL NODEDI (World)

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)

Real cowhit-caught-in-yeer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

(Pop)

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic)

TRANCECANDANCE (Dance)

Join us in practicing the ancient

art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest, trend cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

trancecandance@hotmail.com

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jorkie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview

with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MARY & DAVE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitley Houston, The Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NEWS 101 (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

WLN.G.S. (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

KARASU (World)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running primetime jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm: Dec. 4: "The Drum Suite" by trombonist/arranger/composer Slide Hampton is a jazz gem. Newly re-issued it features stars like drummer Mac Roach, Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and Multi-Instrumentalist Yusuf Lateef

Dec 11: Trumpeter and jazz legend Chat Baker always was able to rally and play great music despite the chaos of his personal life. Tonight an hour of Baker

with a super band culled from a marathon three-day recording session in 1965 that produced five records. Baker with tenor saxophone heavy George Coleman and others. Some of the best Chet ever!

Dec: 18 Our last show for 2006 and as usual the famous Christmas Eve All Star Session with Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk and Milt Jackson the spirit of Christmas stalked this date and it is our wish to you for a merry one. The "Bag's Groove" Session is a great start..... All the Best! The Jazz Show will return January 8.

Jan 8: We open the new year and wish you the best. "East Coast-ing" by bassist/composer Charles Mingus is an overlooked treasure done with his working band and with pianist Bill Evans filling in for Mingus' regular pianist makes this an extra special date. Jan 15: Trumpeter Miles Davis

has always great bands and his 1963 quintet was no exception with Herbie Hancock (piano) George Coleman (Tenor Saxophone) and the teenage genius Tony Williams (drums) and Ron Carter (bass) this group soared. Tonight some very rare concert recordings by this band not found on commercial recordings. Jan 22: If the late Carl Fontana was not the best trombonist in jazz, he was very close... We present his first recording done in 1985 after playing in bands for over forty years. Here he is with tenor saxophonist Al Cohn and a hot rhythm section in an album that lives up to it's title "The Great Fontana".

Jan 29: Willon "Bogey" Gaynair (tenor saxophone) is not a household name in jazz circles even by super fans. Gaynair was born in Kingston, Jamaica and moved to London in the mid-fifties and then to Europe. He is an exceptional player with a big warm sound and has only made two albums in his life. "Blue Bogey" was made in London in the late fifties and is a testament to his talent. Bogey is still alive and well and tonight's feature will introduce you to him.

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)
All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourg that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

borninstxytyme@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Electronic)

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

REAL TO REAL (Talk)
Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)
En Avant La Musique se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)
Up the punx, down the enol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)
Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Electronic)
AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)
PLANET LOVETRON (Electronic)

Musik inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanism robertrobot@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise)
Luke Meat irritates and educates through music's deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic)

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Amy Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)
Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Electic)
First Wednesday of every month.

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic)

JUICEBOX (Talk)
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alex will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com

FOLK OASIS (Roots)
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Al-lergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Blues/Klez)
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)

SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz)
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)
Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

ADROBEAT (World)
Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats.

FEDERAL REVOLUTION (Talk)
AFROBEAT (World)
Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats. My passion is music from the African Diaspora. Catch up on the latest and reminisce on classic spins. myafrobeat@yahoo.com

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental, radical, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE! Honestly, not even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)
RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)
SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
Email requests to: djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)
Top notch, crute digger DJ Avi Shuck mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)
NARDWARF THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS (Nardwarf)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)
Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montreal! thecanadianway@postpar.com

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)
David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B)
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

CiTR Listeners — We Salute You!

by Robert Robot

CiTR would like to tip our hats and thank everyone who searched their couches for change, dipped into their bank accounts, and racked up their credit cards to donate to the station this November. You made our first funding drive shit-hot! Thanks to your generous donations, CiTR can continue to provide some of the best broadcasting in Vancouver and the universe as we know it. I'd like to send out a warm hug to our volunteers—their donated time and expertise is what made this funding drive possible. We'd also like to thank our splendid sponsors (Zulu, Mint records, Railway, Beatstreet Records, Anderson Printing, Vinyl Records, Lamplighter and AAM Sunday Service) for donating music, books, concert tickets, t-shirts and many other fantastic prizes.

If you're all talk and no action and never got around to donating to the funding drive, you still have a chance to redeem yourself via our website www.citr.ca or by contacting CiTR Station Manager Lydia Mase-mala at citrmgr@ams.ubc.ca or 604.822.1242.

In other exciting station news, in 2007 we will be marking the 70th anniversary of RADSOX (Student Radio Society of UBC), the organization that planted the seeds for CiTR Radio. Another milestone we look forward to celebrating is our 25 years of broadcasting on the FM dial. Check out our website in the new year for updates on events we are planning in celebration of these two historic events.

CiTR is also pleased to be the official host of the National Campus Community Radio Association's (NCCRA) annual conference slated for June 10 - 16, 2007. The conference presents broadcasters from across Canada with an opportunity to meet face-to-face, learn new skills, and steal each other's ideas. Although we have a reputation for being hip and cool, we are not snobs (at least we think we're not), so any listener or supporter of community radio can also participate in workshops, seminars and other events we are planning for the conference. For more information, feel free to contact us or check our website www.citr.ca for updates.

So once again, kudos to you valued listeners for your support! Pat yourselves on the back and get ready for an improved and undeniably fresher CiTR!

b

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)
Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNULIATION (Punk)
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com

crashburnradio@yahoo.ca
POWERCHORD (Metal)
Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Ratte-head, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)
The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAY (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimmingle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk)

b



Join us on Christmas Eve
at Doolin's for good
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DECEMBER 21, 2006

DOORS 8PM

the
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UGLY SWEATER PARTY

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The party that everyone is talking about!

SIN CITY



Fetish XXX-Mas!

Saturday
December 9

All naughty girls and boys go to the sauciest Christmas party in Vancouver, where Satan Claws, mistletoe, pervy parties & stolen kisses abound! Costumes with Xmas colour or themes highly encouraged!

Club 23 West

\$9 with pass • \$12 without
23 West Cordova • 9 pm - 3 am

Sunday December 31

Fetish NEW YEAR'S

Club 23 West

Kiss 2006 goodbye at the wildest party in the city! This event will sell out so get tickets early!
Tickets available at:

All Sin City parties
Sanctuary Sundays at Celebrities
New World Designs • Zulu
Little Sister's • Priape
and online at
ClubVibes.com



Saturday January 13

First Sin City of 2007!
Club 23 West

Saturday January 27

Richards On Richards

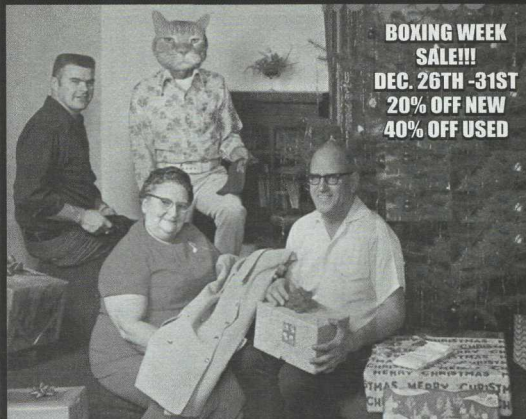
All parties hosted by
Mr. Dark & those dirty DJs
Pandemonium, R-lex,
Betti Forde & Catherinna

STRICT FETISH DRESS CODE

Models: Evelyn13, Little Miss Risk, Pyxis & Leatherette
Photos: Belle Photo & Atratus / Gothic BC

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SALE!!!**

**DEC. 26TH -31ST
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SUNDAY DEC 24 10AM TO 8PM**

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JOIN US IN CELEBRATING 25 YEARS OF ALL THINGS ZULU!

Saturday December 16th marks our 25th anniversary — many thanks to our most loyal clientele and all our friends along the way.

Let's celebrate with a sale!!
ONE DAY ONLY — 25% OFF ALL REGULAR PRICED STOCK!

Saturday December 16th

Door Prizes!

ANOTHER LATE NIGHT WITH ZULU!

For the busy holiday season we've extended our hours.

MONDAY DEC 18th

— SATURDAY DEC 23rd

OPEN 'TIL LATE 9PM!

SUNDAY DEC 24th

12PM — 6PM

MONDAY DEC 25th

CLOSED

TUESDAY DEC 26th — BOXING DAY
9AM — 6PM!

ZULU NEWS!

Attention All Zulu Customers
Hunger Knows No Boundaries

This holiday season we are encouraging everyone to support the Vancouver Food Bank in their dedication to providing food and related assistance to those in need. You can help! Just drop off any non-perishable items you can spare here at Zulu and we will transport all donations to the Food Bank on Jan. 15th 2007.

Note: the Food Bank's most needed items are: Canned Meats, Soups & Stews, Canned Fish & Meat, Pasta, Pasta Sauce & Rice, Canned Beans, Fruits & Vegetables, and Baby Formula & Diapers.

STAFF PICKS OF 2006

A recapitulation of some of favourite listens of 2006!
All titles 10% OFF until January 31st 2007

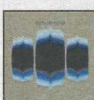
BRADY

Anemones — s/t
The Battles — Tomorrow's Eager Hands
Destroyer — Destroyer's Rubies
Great Aunt Ida — How They Fly
Tim Hecker — Harmony in Ultraviolet
Ladyhawk — Ladyhawk
Loscil — Plume
Pink Mountaintops — Axis of Evol
Pride Tiger — Wood, Dhak, Froese, Payette
Various — From Jamaica to Toronto



DANIEL

Brightblack Morninglight — s/t
Destroyer — Destroyer's Rubies
Psychic Ills — Dins
The Howling Hex — Nightclub Version of the Eternal
Robyn Hitchcock and the Venus 3 — Ole Tarantula
Pink Mountaintops — Axis of Evol
The Battles — Tomorrow's Eager Hands
Beach House — s/t
Faust — IV reissue
O.S.T. — Townes Van Zandt: Be Here To Love Me



ERIN

Oneida — Happy New Year
Psychic Ills — Dins
Brightblack Morninglight — s/t
Various — Prog Is Not a Four Letter Word
Plastic Crimewave Sound — No Wonderland
Danava — s/t
Lucio Battisti — Amore E Non Amore
Black Angels — Passover
Circle — Tulliokeira
Current 93 — Black Ships Ate The Sky



GRANT

Camera Obscura — Let's Get Out of This Country
Bob Dylan — Modern Times
Cat Power — The Greatest
Destroyer — Destroyer's Rubies
E.S.G. — Keep on Moving
Broadcast — The Future Croyon
White Magic — Dat Rosa Mei Apibus
Thom Yorke — The Eraser
Sonic Youth — Rather Ripped
Yo La Tengo — I Am Not Afraid Of You



JILL

Chad Vangaalen — Skellicconnection
Final Fantasy — He Poos Clouds
Bonnie Prince Billy — The Letting Go
Mogwai — Mr. Beast
Yeah Yeah Yeahs — Show Your Bones
The Awkward Stage — Heaven Is For Easy Girls
Benoit Pioulard — Precis
Call Me Poupée — Western Shanghai
Joanna Newsom — Ys



JOHNNY

Destroyer — Destroyer's Rubies
John Phillips — The Walking of LA reissue
Bob Dylan — Modern Times
Pink Mountaintops — Axis of Evol
Os Mutantes — Jardim Elctrico (reissue)
Yo La Tengo — I Am Not Afraid Of You
Neil Young and Crazy Horse — Live At The Belle and Sebastian — The Life Pursuit
Joanna Newsom — Ys
Beach House — s/t



JOSH

Bone Awi — Not For Our Feet LP
Sir Richard Bishop — Plays Sun City Girls 7"
Purrlent — Pleasure Ground
Selda — s/t
Arron Dilloway — Asset Stripping LP



KTL (Stephen O'Malley & Pita) — s/t
Proclamation — Advent Of The Black Omen

The Rita — Tortured Ghosts of Creeks and Rivers LP
Shearing Pink — s/t 7"
Mutators — s/t 7"

MARK E.

Bardo Pond — Ticket Crystals
Black Angels — Passover
Circle — Miljard
Indian Jewelry — Invasive Exotics
Daniel Johnston — Welcome to My World
Liars — Drums Not Dead
Juana Molina — Son
Oneida — Happy New Year
Neil Young & Crazy Horse — Live Fillmore East 1970
Yo La Tengo — I Am Not Afraid Of You



MARK R.

Shotgun Kunitoki — Tasankokai
Cadence Weapon — Breaking Kayfabe
AFX — Chosen Lords
Flying Canyon — s/t
Josef K — Entomology
William Basinski — Variations for Piano and Tape
Ladies Night/No Feeling — split 7"
Sonic Youth — Rather Ripped
Tim Hecker — Harmony In Ultraviolet
Kode 9 and Spaceape — Memories of the Future



MELANIE

Bonnie Prince Billy — The Letting Go
Peter & The Wolf — Lightness
Neko Case — Fox Confessor Brings The Flood
Fuck Me Dead — Circling Around
Pointed Sticks — Waiting For The Real Thing reissue
Destroyer — We'll Build Them a Golden Bridge
Danielson — Ships
Daniel Johnston — Welcome to My World



Screaming Eagles — Enemy Gold
Fun 100/Paper Lanterns — split

NICOLAS

Califone — Roots and Crowns
Tim Hecker — Harmony In Ultraviolet
Loscil — Plume
Final Fantasy — He Poos Clouds
Swan Lake — Beast Moans
Pink Mountaintops — Axis of Evol
The Battles — Tomorrow's Eager Hands
Scott Walker — The Drift
Stuart Staples — Leaving Songs
Bonnie Prince Billy — The Letting Go



SAELAN

Destroyer — Destroyer's Rubies
Joanna Newsom — Ys
Bonnie Prince Billy — The Letting Go
Beach House — s/t
Akron/Family — Meek Warrior
Grizzly Bear — Yellow House
Swan Lake — Beast Moans
Ariel Pink — House Arrest
Final Fantasy — He Poos Clouds
Arthur Russell — Another Thought reissue



VICKI

Bughouse 5 — 24 Hour Charlie
Great Aunt Ida — How They Fly
Blood Meridian — Kick Up The Dust
Cousin Harley — Hillbilly Madness
Roger Dean Young — Casa
Rae Spoon & Rodney DeCroo — Trucker's Memorial
Subhumans — New Dark Age Parade
The Breakmen — s/t
The Modelos — s/t
OST — Views



ART NEWS!

Tania McCormack
Crow is Up to Tricks
Opens Dec 9th til Jan 6th



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Sun 12:00 — 6:00